Featuring America's Fighting Nemesis of Crime

10¢

The BLACK TERROR

No. 4

Boy! Oh! Boy!

What MUSCLE... What a BUILD... What SPEED!

I'll tell you—You're Way Up Front With STRENGTH LIKE THIS!

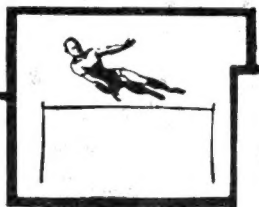
Let me show you what I can do for you!

I know what you want! Strength! Endurance! Speed! A body to be proud of! You want tough, hard muscle on your shoulders, arms, back, and legs. Maybe you want to get rid of some of that fat. Maybe you're sick and tired of being kidded by the other fellows. Yes! I know what you want! Give me a chance to give it to you, and if in a short time you don't agree that I've done my job, I don't want any of your money!

POWER PLUS Means Vitality, Energy, Strength!

All my life I've been making big muscles out of little ones. I've trained thousands of average boys and young men. I've trimmed down heavyweights. I've built up scrawny little fellows. I've done it in person; I've done it thousands of miles away! I've developed an amazing method called Power-Plus, the most original system for physical development ever devised. There's nothing exactly like it anywhere—at any price! It work on your **shoulders**, your arms, legs, back, and chest. You **must see** definite results—or you don't pay! At the end of a short training period you must FEEL and LOOK like a different person, or I'll refund every cent you paid!

How'd YOU like to be able to defend yourself against all comers—to protect others if necessary—ready for anything?



How'd YOU like to be able to beat the crowd in athletic contests—prove your skill, strength, and speed?

How'd YOU like to win in the hundred yard dash—or run a mile without becoming winded?

How'd YOU like to be physically fit for an officer's rating in Army, Navy or Coast Guard? You may be in the Army some day and you'd certainly want to win your stars or bars.

How'd YOU like to be stronger than any other fellow in your neighborhood—do feats of strength to astonish your friends?

Beat the Other Fellow to the PUNCH!

I want every boy in America to have this opportunity! Yes, and every young man! If you're getting on toward Army age, I want to get you ready for officer material—for a bigger, huskier physique. I want to make a winner of you! I don't care how old you are, where you live, or what you do, my proposition goes for YOU. Get started before the rest of the crowd does!

Read These Two Letters

from Jack Dempsey—

I consider your "POWER PLUS" course tops for all-around physical development — power, strength —endurance. The secrets and short cuts you reveal with your system of body development are miraculous and I cannot endorse your course too highly.

from

Bernarr Macfadden —

As an instructor in muscle building, you should stand at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already attest to your ability in building better bodies. I can recommend you most highly. Here's wishing you all possible success!

FREE for Prompt Action!

5 Inspiration Photo-Prints of 5 famous Muscular Champs. Size 8 x 10, suitable for framing for your room, den, or gym. Quick action gets them. Send coupon today and you get them FREE!

This Is the Most Remarkable Offer I've Ever Made

I'll give you my latest streamlined Power-Plus Course that is BETTER than my Hollywood Course that thousands of others gladly paid me $25.00 for. I'll give you every fundamental Power-Plus principle—VIBRO-PRESSURE, TONIC RELAXATION, PSYCHO-POWER, RHYTHMIC PROGRESSION. I'll give you the original, specially posed Photo-Instruction Charts—thirty-nine of them, each almost a foot wide and a foot and a half long. I'll give you the original BINDER-EASEL to hold the Charts with complete instructions on every detail of your routine. I'll give you the complete original TRAINING TABLE TALKS with full advice on the muscular system, food, bathing, and other subjects. I'll send you all the essence of what I have learned in physical culture for the last 20 years!

All I ask you to pay for ALL OF IT—entire and complete—is only $2.95. Think of it! That's not a down payment, not the cost of a single lesson, but $2.95 FULL PRICE—for EVERYTHING!

Better Than My $25.00 COURSE

Only $2.95

FULL PRICE

SEND NO MONEY
Just Mail This Coupon

JOE BONOMO
80 Willoughby Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A new streamlined Power-Plus Course that's BETTER than your $25.00 Hollywood Course? Send it along. I will pay the postman $2.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I agree, to follow your instructions exactly, and if I am not completely satisfied with results I understand I can return your materials and receive full $2.95 refund AT ANY TIME WITHIN FIVE WEEKS.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Age.....Height.....Weight.....T R

Save postage by enclosing $2.95 in full.
Same money-back guarantee applies.

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And Here's My MONEY BACK OFFER!

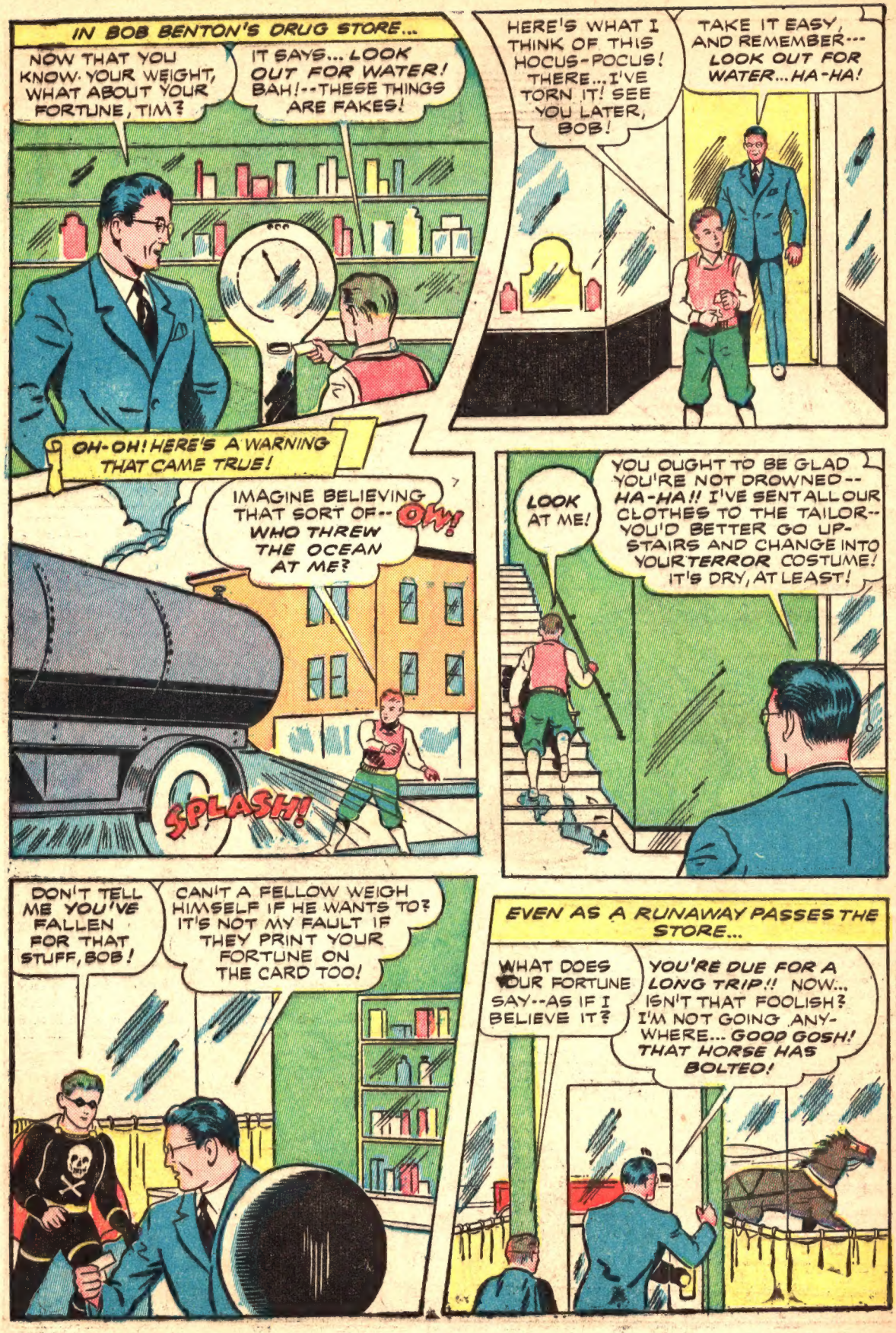
Use all the materials I send you. If you don't agree they are the biggest money's worth you have ever had, or if they don't do a tremendous job for you, mail them back any time in FIVE WEEKS, and I'll make a complete refund. Just fill out the coupon and mail to me. When your package arrives, simply pay the postman $2.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or, if you prefer, enclose $2.95 IN FULL, and I'll pay the postage myself. JOE BONOMO, 80 WILLOUGHBY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

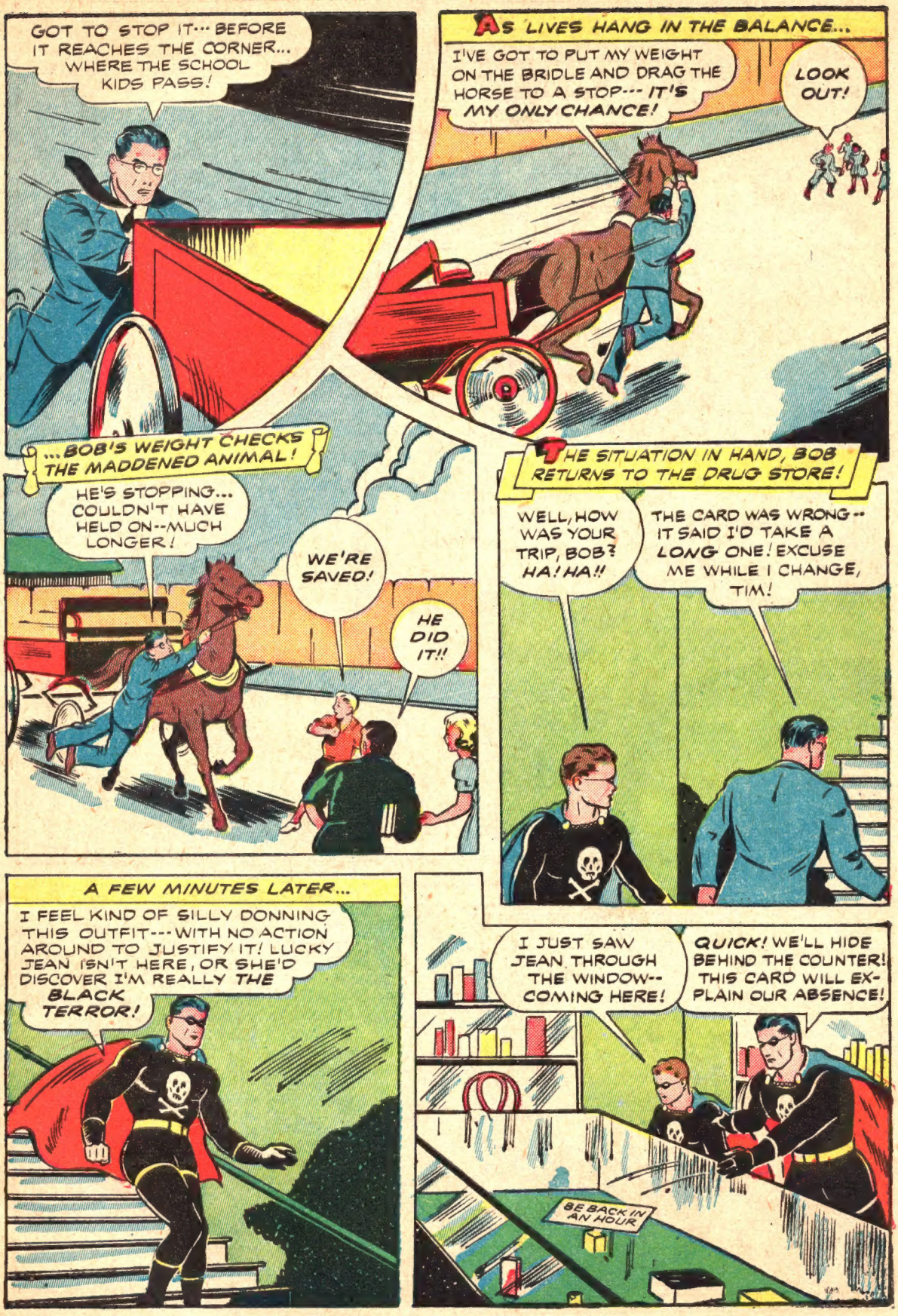
Show this to Your Mother or Dad!

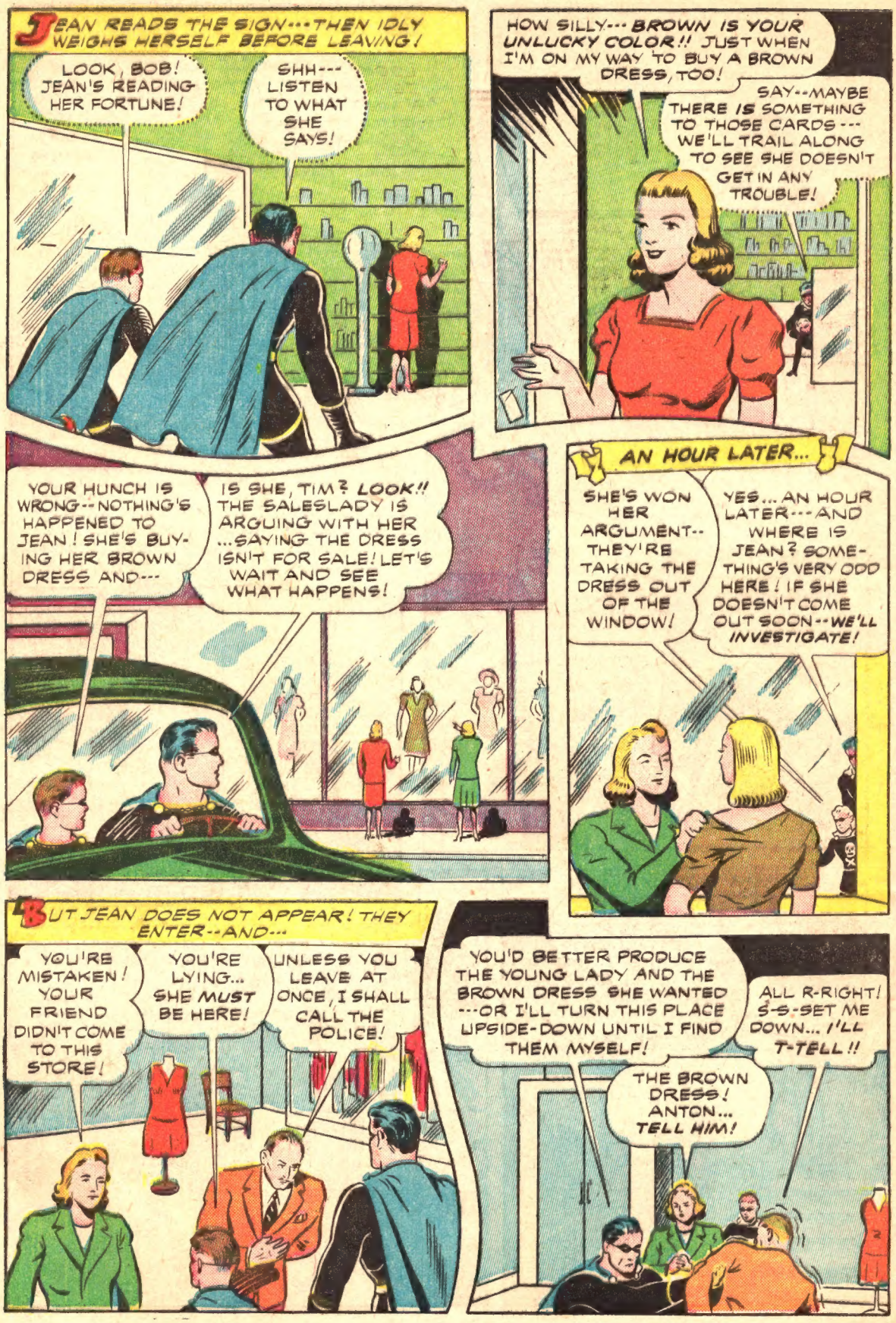
TO PARENTS: Encourage your son to care for and improve his body. Give him every chance for health, strength and self-reliance. Undoubtedly, you know of me and my work. You know you can safely put your son's physical future in my hands. The above letters from Jack Dempsey and Bernarr Macfadden speak for themselves. Sincerely,
JOE BONOMO

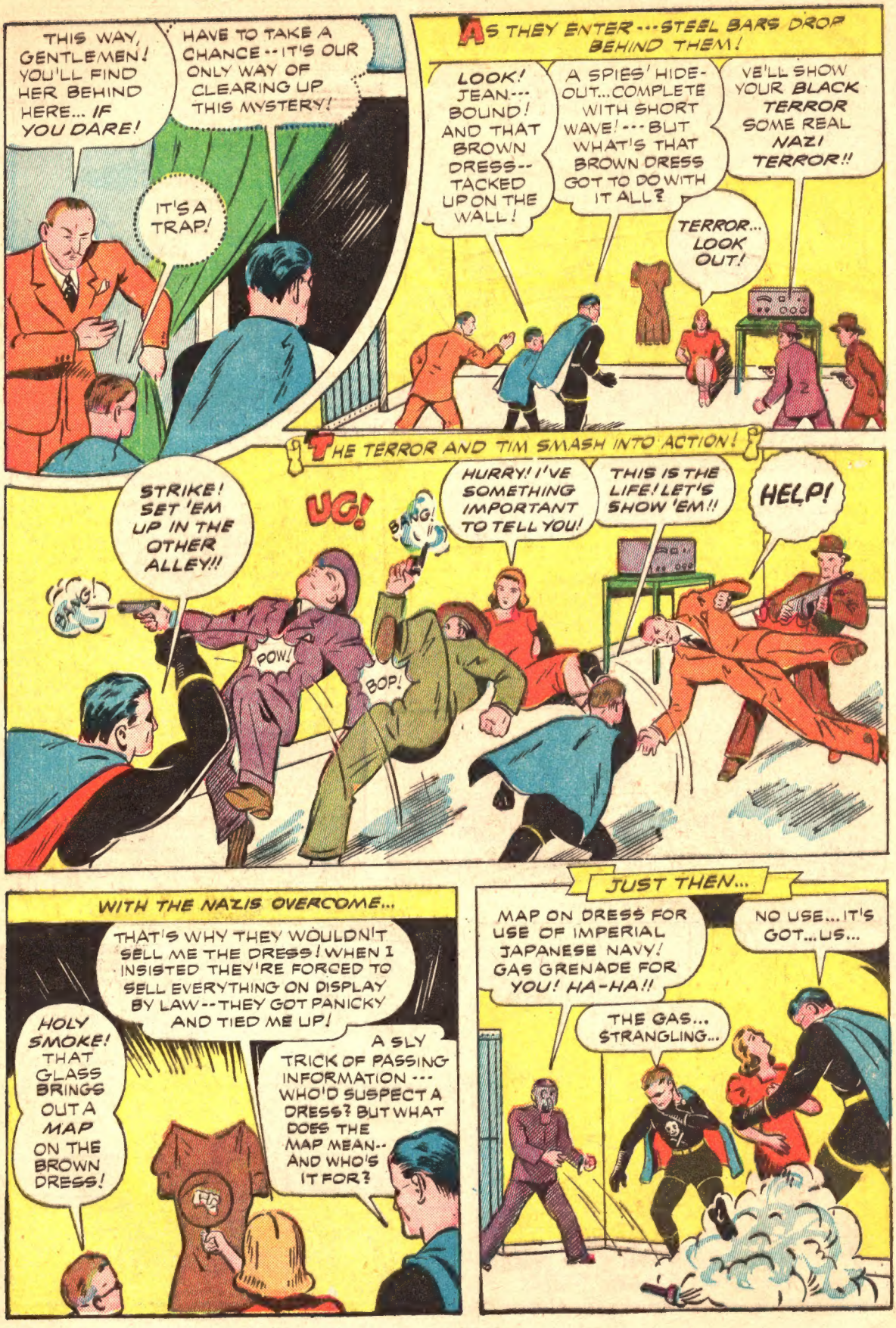
THE BLACK TERROR, published quarterly and copyright, 1943, by Nedor Publishing Company, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. N. L. Pines, Editor. Subscription (12 issues), $1.20; single copies, $.10; foreign postage extra. Application for entry as second-class matter pending at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Names of all characters used in cartoons, stories, and articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. All material submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope and is submitted at the author's risk.
VOL. 2, NO 1. NOVEMBER, 1943. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

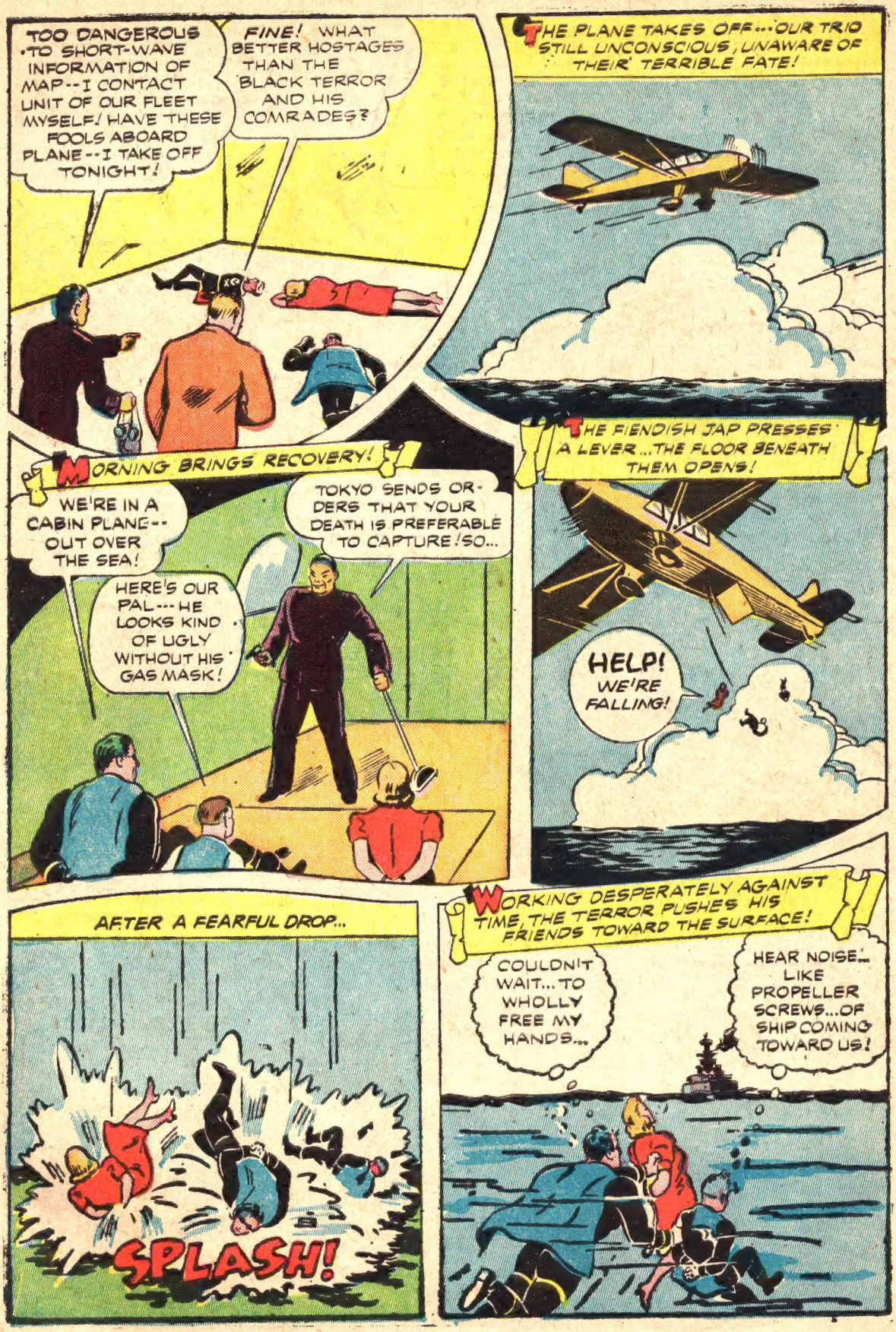
The BLACK TERROR
HERE'S THE MOST AMAZING DUAL ROLE IN HISTORY--A MEEK YOUNG DRUGGIST ASSUMING THE GRIPPING GUISE OF THE MIGHTY BLACK TERROR! WHAT SPIN OF THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE SENDS HIM ON THE MOST COLORFUL ADVENTURE IN HIS RELENTLESS BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES SEEKING AMERICA'S DESTRUCTION? YOU COULDN'T TELL FROM ITS QUIET BEGINNING, WHEN--WELL--JUST GET SET FOR A REAL THRILLER!

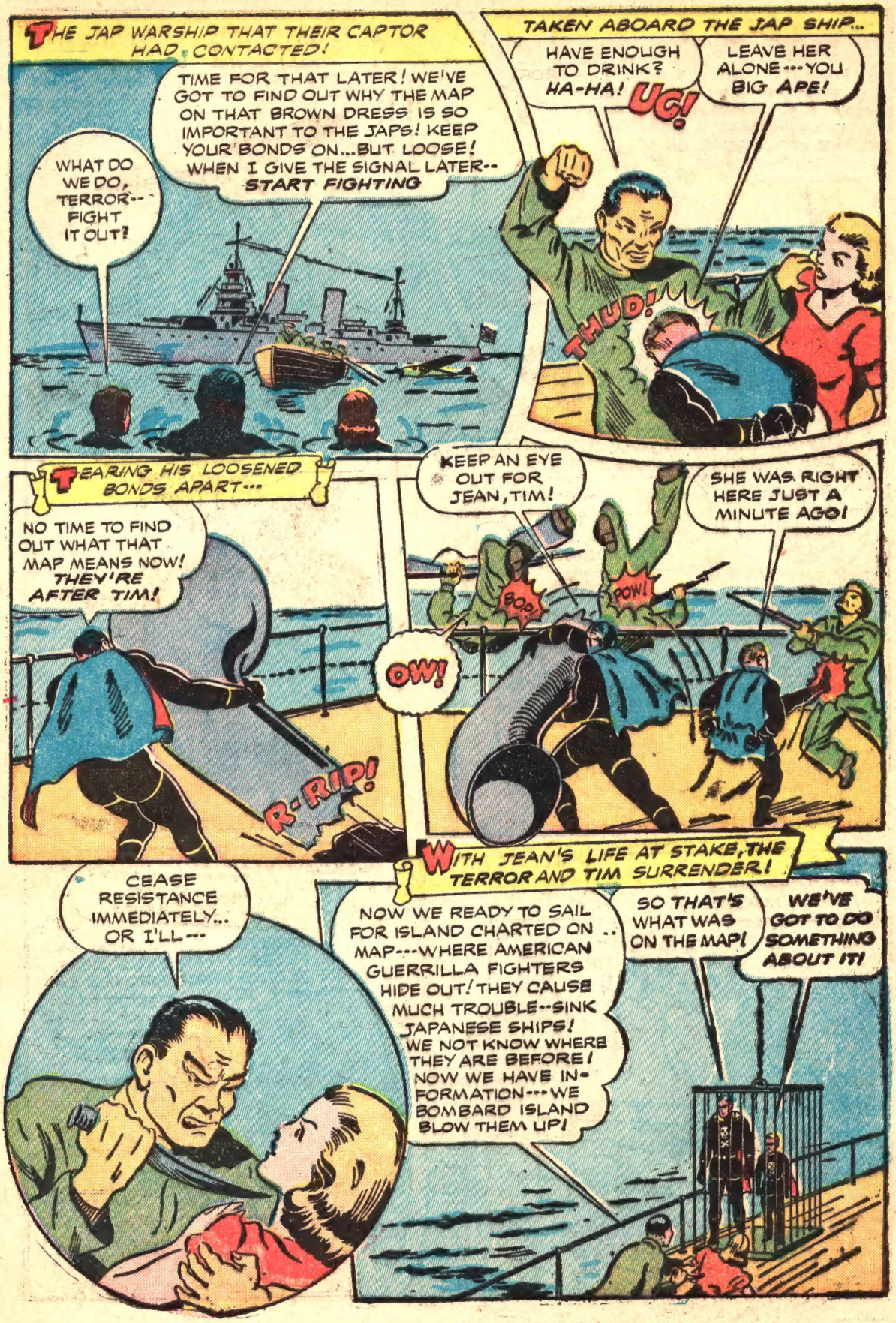

IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE...
NOW THAT YOU KNOW YOUR WEIGHT, WHAT ABOUT YOUR FORTUNE, TIM?
IT SAYS... LOOK OUT FOR WATER! BAH!--THESE THINGS ARE FAKES!
HERE'S WHAT I THINK OF THIS HOCUS-POCUS! THERE... I'VE TORN IT! SEE YOU LATER, BOB!
TAKE IT EASY, AND REMEMBER--- LOOK OUT FOR WATER... HA-HA!
OH-OH! HERE'S A WARNING THAT CAME TRUE!
IMAGINE BELIEVING THAT SORT OF-- WHO THREW THE OCEAN AT ME?
OW!
SPLASH!
LOOK AT ME!
YOU OUGHT TO BE GLAD YOU'RE NOT DROWNED-- HA-HA!! I'VE SENT ALL OUR CLOTHES TO THE TAILOR-- YOU'D BETTER GO UP-STAIRS AND CHANGE INTO YOUR TERROR COSTUME! IT'S DRY, AT LEAST!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FALLEN FOR THAT STUFF, BOB!
CAN'T A FELLOW WEIGH HIMSELF IF HE WANTS TO? IT'S NOT MY FAULT IF THEY PRINT YOUR FORTUNE ON THE CARD TOO!
EVEN AS A RUNAWAY PASSES THE STORE...
WHAT DOES OUR FORTUNE SAY--AS IF I BELIEVE IT?
YOU'RE DUE FOR A LONG TRIP!! NOW... ISN'T THAT FOOLISH? I'M NOT GOING ANY-WHERE... GOOD GOSH! THAT HORSE HAS BOLTED!


GOT TO STOP IT··· BEFORE IT REACHES THE CORNER... WHERE THE SCHOOL KIDS PASS!
AS LIVES HANG IN THE BALANCE...
I'VE GOT TO PUT MY WEIGHT ON THE BRIDLE AND DRAG THE HORSE TO A STOP··· IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
LOOK OUT!
...BOB'S WEIGHT CHECKS THE MADDENED ANIMAL!
HE'S STOPPING... COULDN'T HAVE HELD ON--MUCH LONGER!
WE'RE SAVED!
HE DID IT!!
THE SITUATION IN HAND, BOB RETURNS TO THE DRUG STORE!
WELL, HOW WAS YOUR TRIP, BOB? HA! HA!!
THE CARD WAS WRONG-- IT SAID I'D TAKE A LONG ONE! EXCUSE ME WHILE I CHANGE, TIM!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I FEEL KIND OF SILLY DONNING THIS OUTFIT··· WITH NO ACTION AROUND TO JUSTIFY IT! LUCKY JEAN ISN'T HERE, OR SHE'D DISCOVER I'M REALLY THE BLACK TERROR!
I JUST SAW JEAN THROUGH THE WINDOW-- COMING HERE!
QUICK! WE'LL HIDE BEHIND THE COUNTER! THIS CARD WILL EXPLAIN OUR ABSENCE!
BE BACK IN AN HOUR


JEAN READS THE SIGN---THEN IDLY WEIGHS HERSELF BEFORE LEAVING!
LOOK, BOB! JEAN'S READING HER FORTUNE!
SHH--- LISTEN TO WHAT SHE SAYS!
HOW SILLY--- BROWN IS YOUR UNLUCKY COLOR!! JUST WHEN I'M ON MY WAY TO BUY A BROWN DRESS, TOO!
SAY--MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING TO THOSE CARDS --- WE'LL TRAIL ALONG TO SEE SHE DOESN'T GET IN ANY TROUBLE!
YOUR HUNCH IS WRONG--NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO JEAN! SHE'S BUYING HER BROWN DRESS AND---
IS SHE, TIM? LOOK!! THE SALESLADY IS ARGUING WITH HER ...SAYING THE DRESS ISN'T FOR SALE! LET'S WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
AN HOUR LATER...
SHE'S WON HER ARGUMENT--THEY'RE TAKING THE DRESS OUT OF THE WINDOW!
YES... AN HOUR LATER--- AND WHERE IS JEAN? SOMETHING'S VERY ODD HERE! IF SHE DOESN'T COME OUT SOON--WE'LL INVESTIGATE!
BUT JEAN DOES NOT APPEAR! THEY ENTER--AND---
YOU'RE MISTAKEN! YOUR FRIEND DIDN'T COME TO THIS STORE!
YOU'RE LYING... SHE MUST BE HERE!
UNLESS YOU LEAVE AT ONCE, I SHALL CALL THE POLICE!
YOU'D BETTER PRODUCE THE YOUNG LADY AND THE BROWN DRESS SHE WANTED ---OR I'LL TURN THIS PLACE UPSIDE-DOWN UNTIL I FIND THEM MYSELF!
ALL R-RIGHT! S-S-SET ME DOWN... I'LL T-TELL!!
THE BROWN DRESS! ANTON... TELL HIM!


THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN! YOU'LL FIND HER BEHIND HERE... IF YOU DARE!
HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE -- IT'S OUR ONLY WAY OF CLEARING UP THIS MYSTERY!
IT'S A TRAP!
AS THEY ENTER --- STEEL BARS DROP BEHIND THEM!
LOOK! JEAN--- BOUND! AND THAT BROWN DRESS-- TACKED UP ON THE WALL!
A SPIES' HIDE-OUT...COMPLETE WITH SHORT WAVE! --- BUT WHAT'S THAT BROWN DRESS GOT TO DO WITH IT ALL?
VE'LL SHOW YOUR BLACK TERROR SOME REAL NAZI TERROR!!
TERROR... LOOK OUT!
THE TERROR AND TIM SMASH INTO ACTION!
STRIKE! SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY!!
UG!
BANG!
BANG!
POW!
BOP!
HURRY! I'VE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU!
THIS IS THE LIFE! LET'S SHOW 'EM!!
HELP!
WITH THE NAZIS OVERCOME...
THAT'S WHY THEY WOULDN'T SELL ME THE DRESS! WHEN I INSISTED THEY'RE FORCED TO SELL EVERYTHING ON DISPLAY BY LAW -- THEY GOT PANICKY AND TIED ME UP!
HOLY SMOKE! THAT GLASS BRINGS OUT A MAP ON THE BROWN DRESS!
A SLY TRICK OF PASSING INFORMATION --- WHO'D SUSPECT A DRESS? BUT WHAT DOES THE MAP MEAN-- AND WHO'S IT FOR?
JUST THEN...
MAP ON DRESS FOR USE OF IMPERIAL JAPANESE NAVY! GAS GRENADE FOR YOU! HA-HA!!
NO USE... IT'S GOT... US...
THE GAS... STRANGLING...

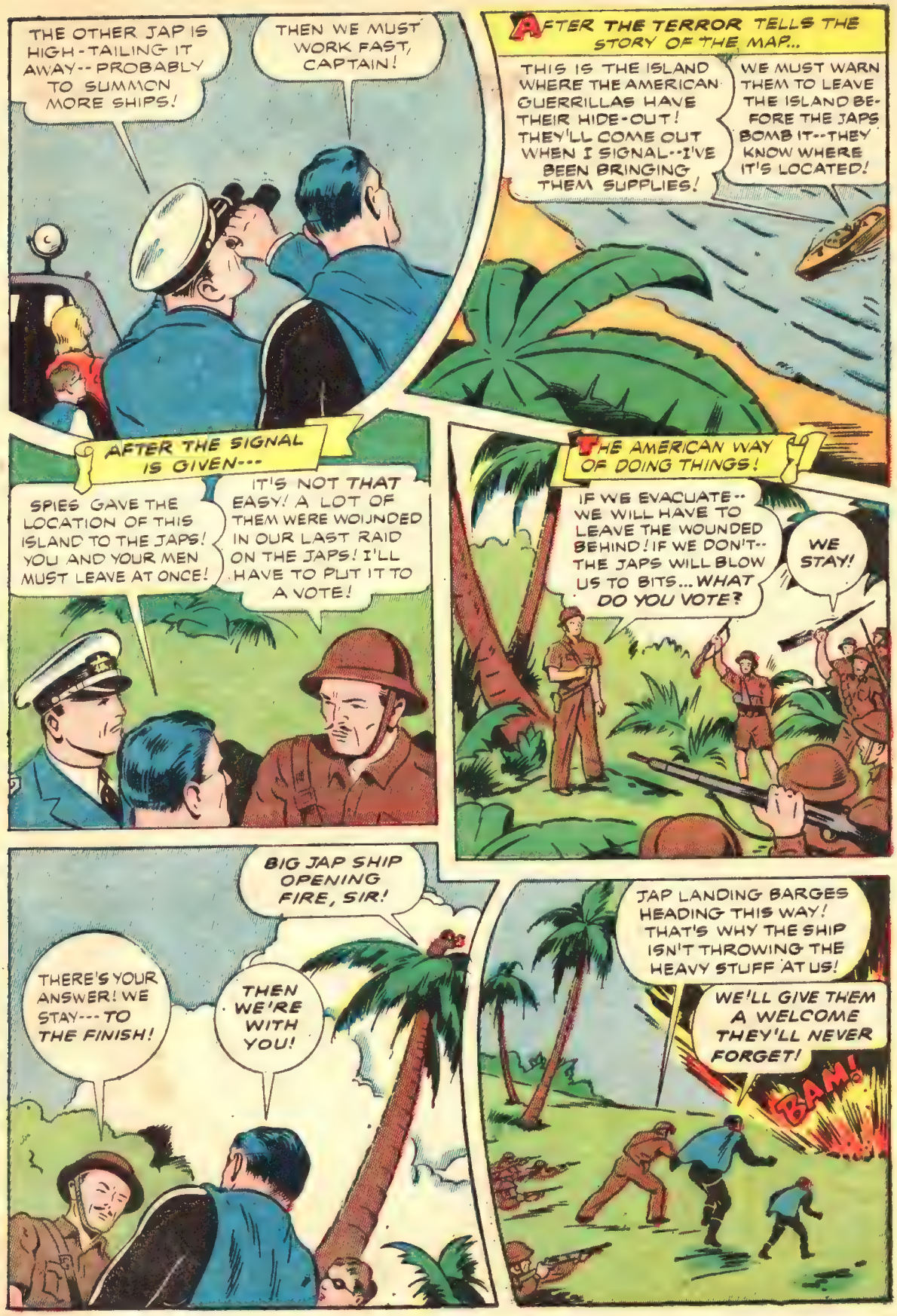

TOO DANGEROUS TO SHORT-WAVE INFORMATION OF MAP--I CONTACT UNIT OF OUR FLEET MYSELF! HAVE THESE FOOLS ABOARD PLANE--I TAKE OFF TONIGHT!
FINE! WHAT BETTER HOSTAGES THAN THE BLACK TERROR AND HIS COMRADES?
THE PLANE TAKES OFF...OUR TRIO STILL UNCONSCIOUS, UNAWARE OF THEIR TERRIBLE FATE!
MORNING BRINGS RECOVERY!
WE'RE IN A CABIN PLANE--OUT OVER THE SEA!
TOKYO SENDS ORDERS THAT YOUR DEATH IS PREFERABLE TO CAPTURE! SO...
HERE'S OUR PAL--HE LOOKS KIND OF UGLY WITHOUT HIS GAS MASK!
THE FIENDISH JAP PRESSES A LEVER...THE FLOOR BENEATH THEM OPENS!
HELP! WE'RE FALLING!
AFTER A FEARFUL DROP...
SPLASH!
WORKING DESPERATELY AGAINST TIME, THE TERROR PUSHES HIS FRIENDS TOWARD THE SURFACE!
COULDN'T WAIT...TO WHOLLY FREE MY HANDS...
HEAR NOISE...LIKE PROPELLER SCREWS...OF SHIP COMING TOWARD US!

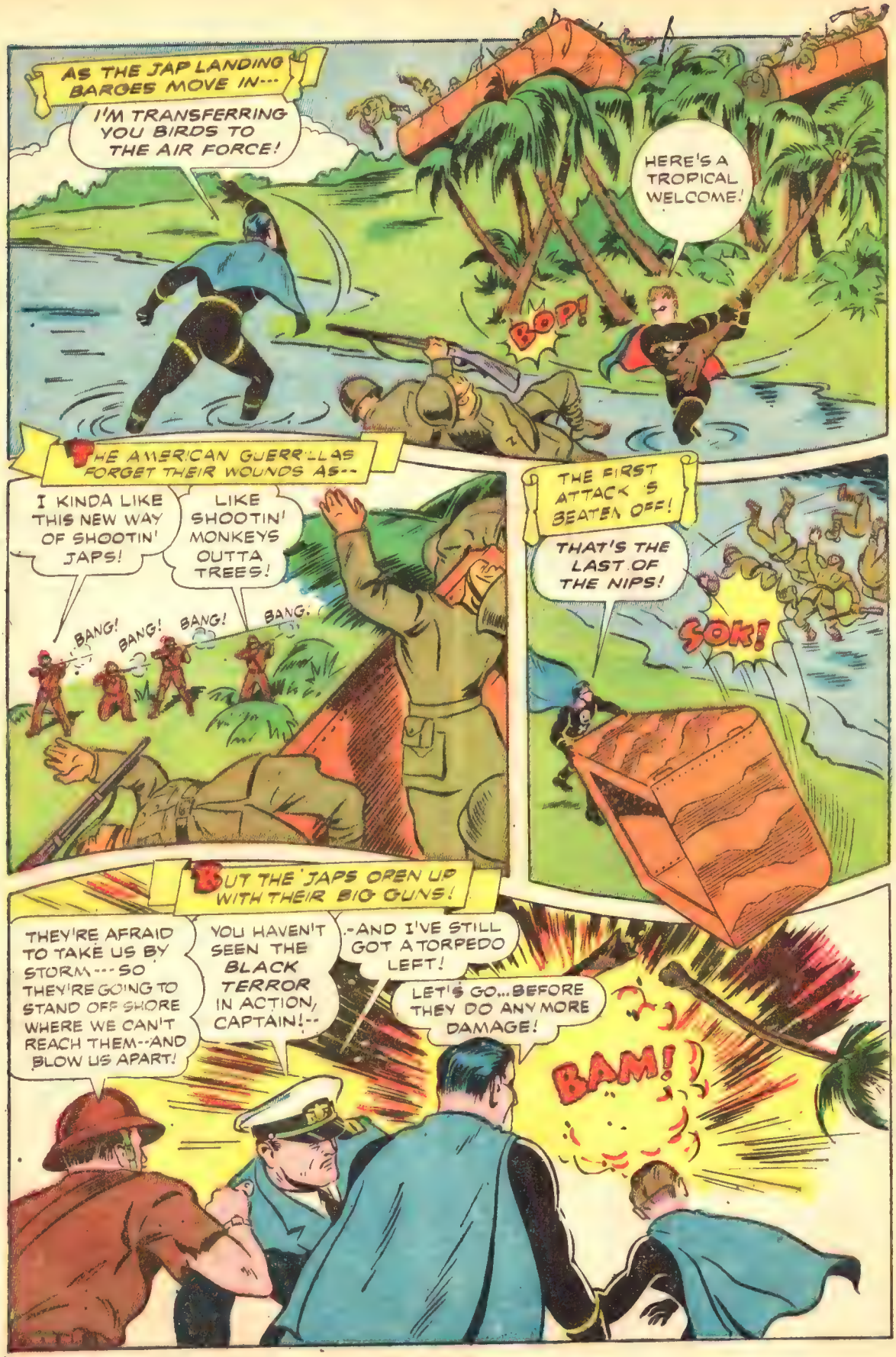

THE JAP WARSHIP THAT THEIR CAPTOR HAD CONTACTED!
TIME FOR THAT LATER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY THE MAP ON THAT BROWN DRESS IS SO IMPORTANT TO THE JAPS! KEEP YOUR BONDS ON...BUT LOOSE! WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL LATER-- START FIGHTING
WHAT DO WE DO, TERROR-- FIGHT IT OUT?
TAKEN ABOARD THE JAP SHIP...
HAVE ENOUGH TO DRINK? HA-HA!
UG!
LEAVE HER ALONE---YOU BIG APE!
THUD!
TEARING HIS LOOSENED BONDS APART---
NO TIME TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT MAP MEANS NOW! THEY'RE AFTER TIM!
R-RIP!
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR JEAN, TIM!
BOP!
POW!
OW!
SHE WAS RIGHT HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO!
WITH JEAN'S LIFE AT STAKE, THE TERROR AND TIM SURRENDER!
CEASE RESISTANCE IMMEDIATELY... OR I'LL---
NOW WE READY TO SAIL FOR ISLAND CHARTED ON MAP---WHERE AMERICAN GUERRILLA FIGHTERS HIDE OUT! THEY CAUSE MUCH TROUBLE--SINK JAPANESE SHIPS! WE NOT KNOW WHERE THEY ARE BEFORE! NOW WE HAVE INFORMATION---WE BOMBARD ISLAND BLOW THEM UP!
SO THAT'S WHAT WAS ON THE MAP!
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

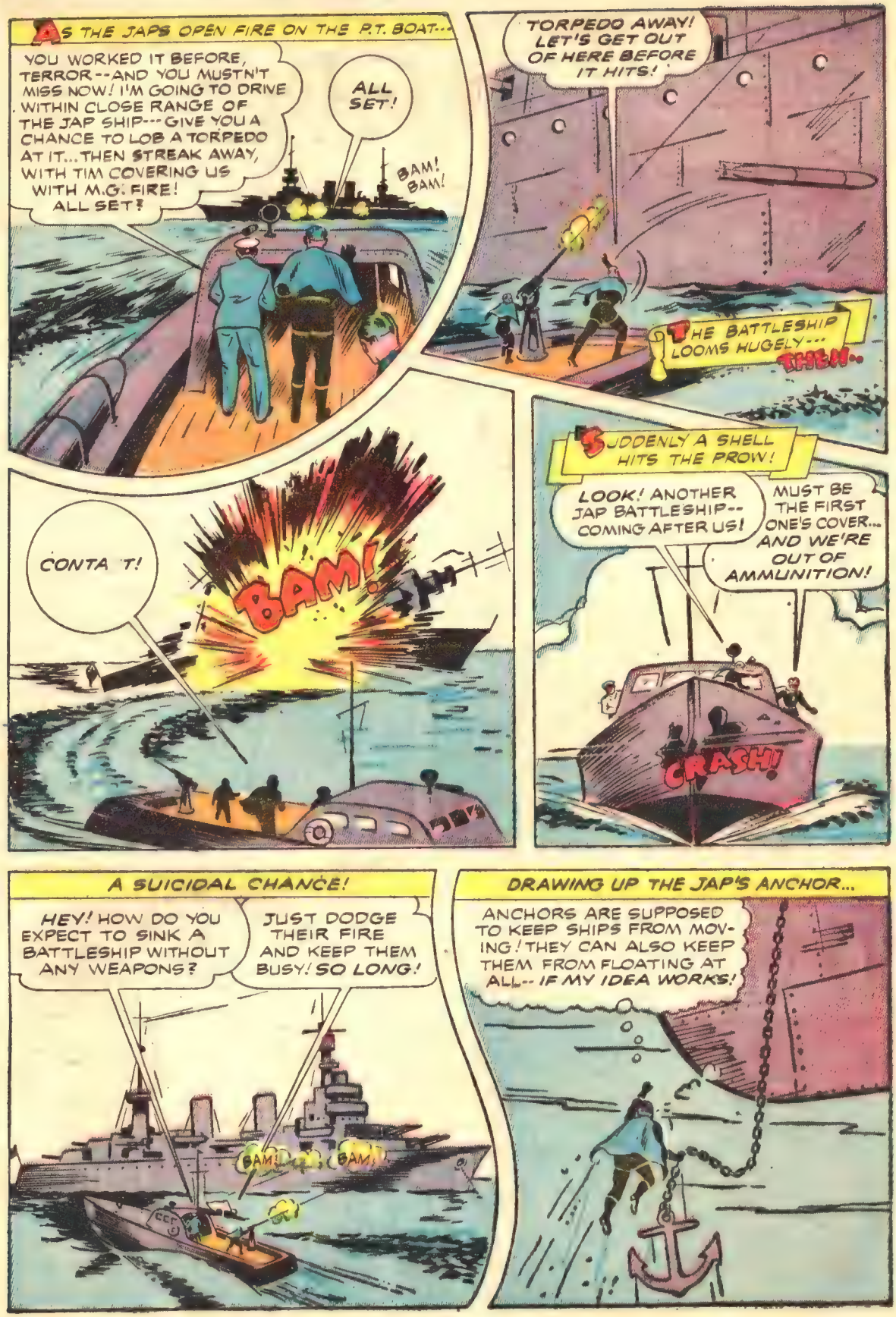
BAM!
SUDDENLY---A TORPEDO STRIKES THE NIPPONESE BATTLE-WAGON!
ATTACK BY AMERICAN PT BOAT!---TO YOUR BATTLE STATIONS!
THEY'RE NOT GUARDING US TIM! NOW'S OUR CHANCE!
YOU BET! LET'S GO TO OUR BATTLE STATIONS!
SUMMONING HIS GREAT STRENGTH, THE TERROR SMASHES THROUGH!
THERE'S JEAN--- OVER THERE!
THAT JAP SPY'S GOT HER! HERE'S WHERE I GO TO TOWN!!
POW!
YOU ARE FREE... ONLY TO DIE!
LOOK OUT!
ONE STRIKE AND YOU'RE OUT---IN THIS LEAGUE!
THAT'S THE BEST HOLE-IN-ONE I EVER MADE!
SOK!
TIM RUNS UP WITH BAD NEWS...
ONE SIDE, SECOND STRING! BOB -- THE JAP'S BROADSIDES HAVE DAMAGED THE PT BOAT'S RUDDER! SHE'S CIRCLING HELPLESSLY--AND THE JAPS ARE GETTING READY FOR THE KILL!!
WHAM!

THE TERROR TWINS ROAR INTO ACTION--AND A TWO-MAN BARRAGE HURLS THE JAPS INTO CONFUSION!
QUICKLY... WE CAPTURE THE PT BOAT AND--HELP!
LET'S NIP THE NIPPONESE AS MUCH AS WE CAN, TIM--SO OUR BOYS IN THE PT BOAT WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE REPAIRS!
THIS IS NICE WORK--AND WE HAVE PLENTY OF IT!
UC!
HELP! HE'S A DEVIL!!
I'M REDUCING THIS GUN TO THE SCRAP IT CAME FROM!
SMASH!
BOYOBOY IS THIS FUN!!!
LET'S PICK UP JEAN NOW--
POW!
SOK!
A GREAT DIVE... TO ESCAPE!
--AND SWIM TO THE PT BOAT WHILE THE JAPS ARE STILL MILLING AROUND NOT KNOWING WHAT HIT 'EM!
GREAT GOING, TERROR
THE BLACK TERROR! THANKS FOR RAISING HOB WITH THE NIPS AND GIVING ME A CHANCE TO FIX MY RUDDER!
THEY'RE SHELLING US AGAIN --MUST BE A GUN I OVERLOOKED!
BOOM!

WITH THE TORPEDO RELEASE JAMMED, THE TERROR TAKES MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS--AND WREAKS HAVOC!
WOW! HE TOSSED THE TORPEDO... AND BLEW UP THE BATTLESHIP!
BAM
HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME!
GET READY FOR A SHOWER! HERE COME JAP PLANES!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
RAT-A-TAT!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT!
THE FIRST JAP PLANE RELEASES A BOMB!
THAT JAP DEVIL'S UNLOADED ...AND IT'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR US!
THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE LEFT!
BAM!
NOW TO SEND IT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM!
SMACK!
AND MANY RETURNS OF THE DAY FROM--THE BLACK TERROR!
BOOM!
A GREAT LEAP... AND A BAREHAND STOP!


THE OTHER JAP IS HIGH-TAILING IT AWAY--PROBABLY TO SUMMON MORE SHIPS!
THEN WE MUST WORK FAST, CAPTAIN!
AFTER THE TERROR TELLS THE STORY OF THE MAP...
THIS IS THE ISLAND WHERE THE AMERICAN GUERRILLAS HAVE THEIR HIDE-OUT! THEY'LL COME OUT WHEN I SIGNAL--I'VE BEEN BRINGING THEM SUPPLIES!
WE MUST WARN THEM TO LEAVE THE ISLAND BEFORE THE JAPS BOMB IT--THEY KNOW WHERE IT'S LOCATED!
AFTER THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN---
SPIES GAVE THE LOCATION OF THIS ISLAND TO THE JAPS! YOU AND YOUR MEN MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!
IT'S NOT THAT EASY! A LOT OF THEM WERE WOUNDED IN OUR LAST RAID ON THE JAPS! I'LL HAVE TO PUT IT TO A VOTE!
THE AMERICAN WAY OF DOING THINGS!
IF WE EVACUATE--WE WILL HAVE TO LEAVE THE WOUNDED BEHIND! IF WE DON'T--THE JAPS WILL BLOW US TO BITS... WHAT DO YOU VOTE?
WE STAY!
BIG JAP SHIP OPENING FIRE, SIR!
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER! WE STAY---TO THE FINISH!
THEN WE'RE WITH YOU!
JAP LANDING BARGES HEADING THIS WAY! THAT'S WHY THE SHIP ISN'T THROWING THE HEAVY STUFF AT US!
WE'LL GIVE THEM A WELCOME THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!
BAM!


AS THE JAP LANDING BARGES MOVE IN---
I'M TRANSFERRING YOU BIRDS TO THE AIR FORCE!
HERE'S A TROPICAL WELCOME!
BOP!
THE AMERICAN GUERRILLAS FORGET THEIR WOUNDS AS--
I KINDA LIKE THIS NEW WAY OF SHOOTIN' JAPS!
LIKE SHOOTIN' MONKEYS OUTTA TREES!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
THE FIRST ATTACK IS BEATEN OFF!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE NIPS!
SOK!
BUT THE JAPS OPEN UP WITH THEIR BIG GUNS!
THEY'RE AFRAID TO TAKE US BY STORM--- SO THEY'RE GOING TO STAND OFF SHORE WHERE WE CAN'T REACH THEM--AND BLOW US APART!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE BLACK TERROR IN ACTION, CAPTAIN!--
--AND I'VE STILL GOT A TORPEDO LEFT!
LET'S GO...BEFORE THEY DO ANY MORE DAMAGE!
BAM!

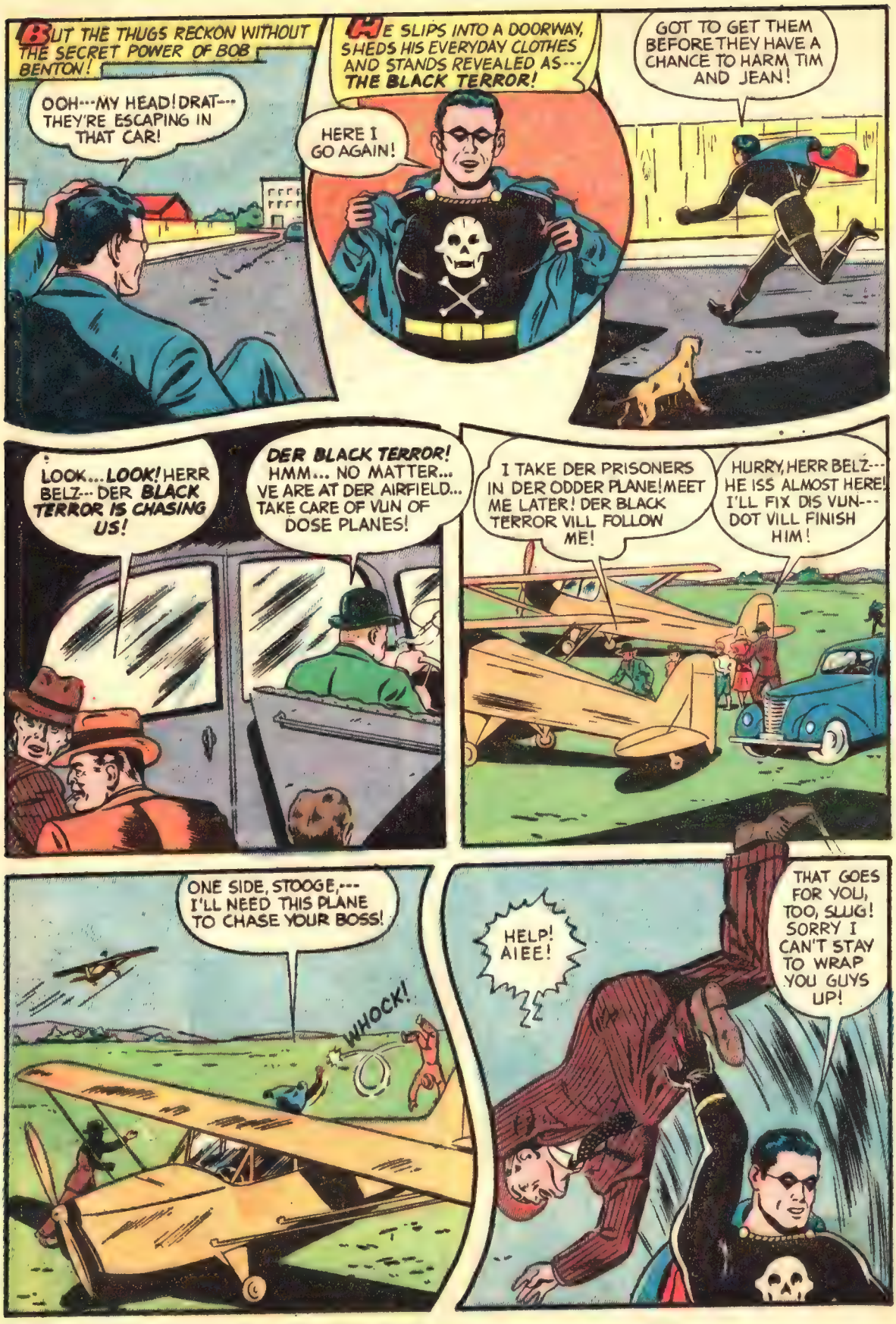

AS THE JAPS OPEN FIRE ON THE P.T. BOAT...
YOU WORKED IT BEFORE, TERROR--AND YOU MUSTN'T MISS NOW! I'M GOING TO DRIVE WITHIN CLOSE RANGE OF THE JAP SHIP---GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO LOB A TORPEDO AT IT...THEN STREAK AWAY, WITH TIM COVERING US WITH M.G. FIRE! ALL SET?
ALL SET!
BAM! BAM!
TORPEDO AWAY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT HITS!
THE BATTLESHIP LOOMS HUGELY...
THEN!!..
CONTA T!
BAM!
SUDDENLY A SHELL HITS THE PROW!
LOOK! ANOTHER JAP BATTLESHIP--COMING AFTER US!
MUST BE THE FIRST ONE'S COVER... AND WE'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION!
CRASH!
A SUICIDAL CHANCE!
HEY! HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO SINK A BATTLESHIP WITHOUT ANY WEAPONS?
JUST DODGE THEIR FIRE AND KEEP THEM BUSY! SO LONG!
BAM!
BAM!
DRAWING UP THE JAP'S ANCHOR...
ANCHORS ARE SUPPOSED TO KEEP SHIPS FROM MOVING! THEY CAN ALSO KEEP THEM FROM FLOATING AT ALL-- IF MY IDEA WORKS!

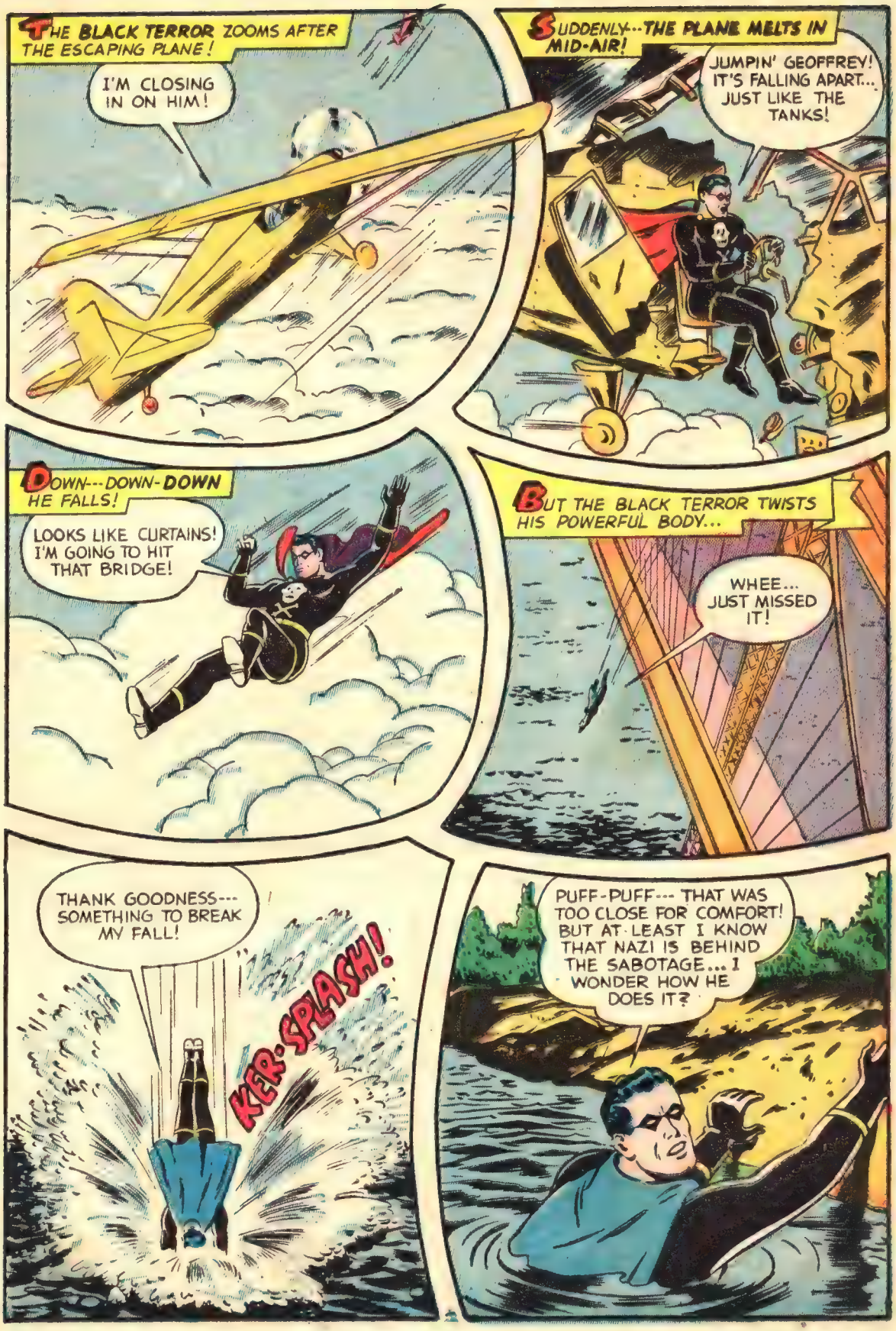
THEN··· A CRASHING HEAVE!
A FEW MORE LIKE THIS--AND WE'LL SEE!!
THUD!
THE FLAG OF THE RISING SUN LOOKS BEST WHEN IT'S SETTING!
GAPING HOLES ALONG THE WATER-LINE...UNTIL...
BACK ON THE ISLAND...
THANKS TO YOU, WE'LL HAVE TIME TO EVACUATE TO A NEW SECRET ISLAND...WHERE WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO MAKE THE JAPS UNHAPPY!
YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE A TRUE INSPIRATION TO AMERICA, CAPTAIN JACKSON!
'RAY FOR THE BLACK TERROR!
CONTACTING AN AMERICAN SUB···
THIS SUB IS GOING BACK TO THE STATES TO REPORT! IT WILL TAKE YOU HOME SAFELY!
AMERICA WILL HEAR OF THE WONDERFUL WORK MEN LIKE YOU ARE DOING, CAPTAIN!
NEARING PORT···
WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE BEFORE JEAN SEES US...TO KEEP HER FROM KNOWING BOB BENTON AND THE TERROR ARE ONE!
LATER...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JEAN? DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN THOSE FORTUNE CARDS?
WELL---THERE'S ONE FORTUNE WE CAN BELIEVE IN! BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS WILL BE GOOD FORTUNE FOR US---AND BAD FOR THE AXIS!
NO!

The BLACK TERROR
HERE COMES AMERICA'S CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS... THUNDERING THROUGH A BRAND NEW THRILL-LOADED ADVENTURE IN A TITANIC BATTLE AGAINST A FIENDISH, DARING AXIS SABOTEUR! WHAT IS THE DREAD MENACE THAT BIDS FAIR TO DESTROY AMERICA'S ENTIRE WAR MACHINE? ONLY ONE MAN CAN SOLVE THE SINISTER SECRET AND BLAST IT FROM EXISTENCE--- THE BLACK TERROR... SCOURGE OF THE SABOTEURS... THE BLACK TERROR WHO MINUS HIS UNIFORM IS BOB BENTON, A MILD, YOUNG DRUG CLERK!

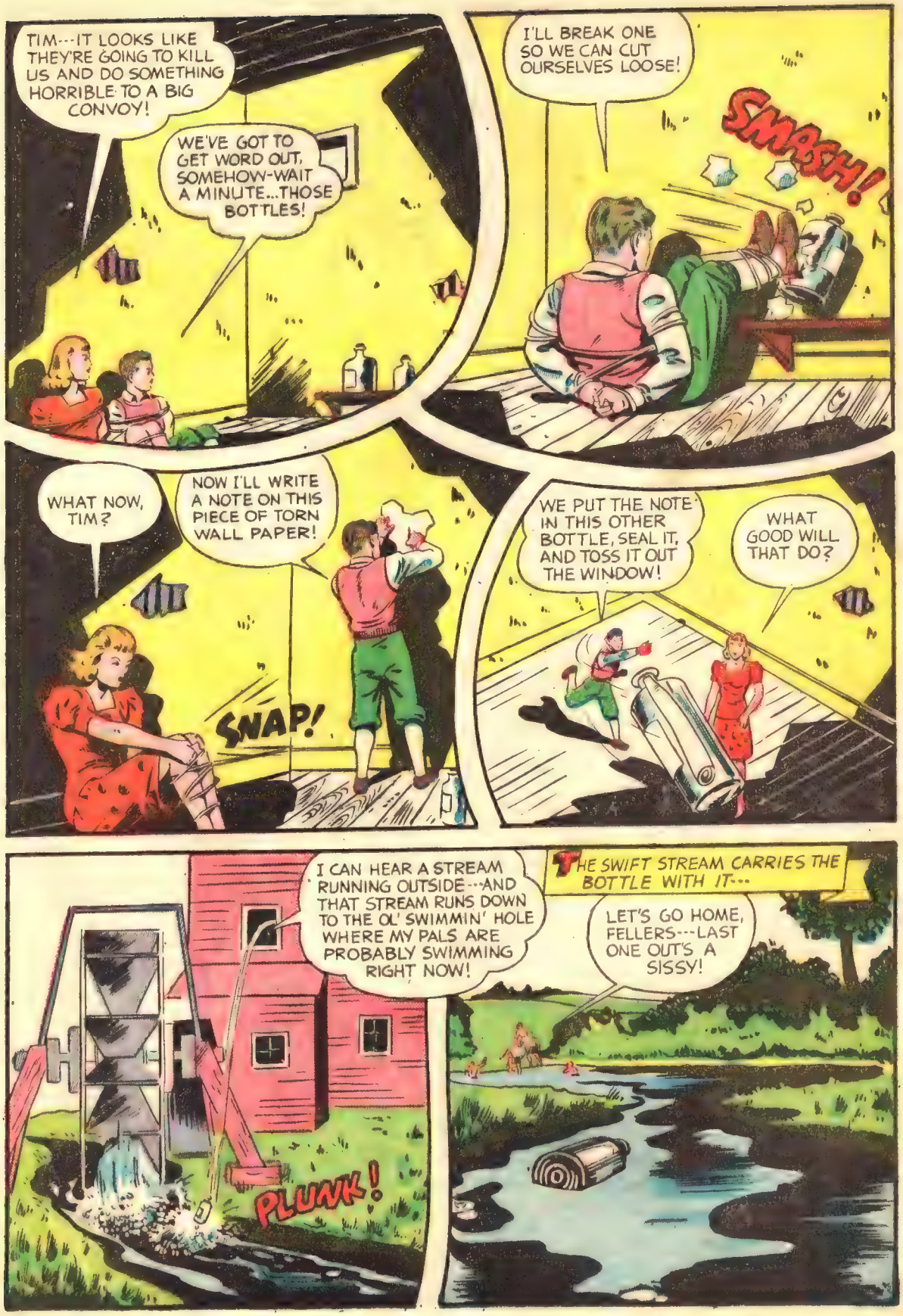
BOB BENTON, AND HIS FRIEND, JEAN STARR, WATCH AN ARMY DAY PARADE!
BOY, THOSE ARE POWERFUL TANKS, AREN'T THEY?
YES,---MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD TO KNOW OUR BOYS HAVE WEAPONS LIKE THOSE TO FIGHT WITH!
BUT, SUDDENLY---
GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE---THEY'RE JUST FALLING APART!
SMASH!
CRASH!
CRACK!
THE OTHER TANKS ARE UNABLE TO STOP IN TIME AND SMASH INTO THE WRECKED LEADERS!
JUST THEN, BOB'S YOUNG FRIEND, TIM, ARRIVES!
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, TIM?
WATCHING THE TANKS BEFORE THE PARADE STARTED! AND I SAW---
---TWO MEN GO UP TO THOSE SMASHED TANKS! I THINK THEY THREW SOMETHING INSIDE!
MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING! COULD YOU RECOGNIZE THEM AGAIN?
SURE---I COULD RECOGNIZE THEM ANYWHERE!
COME ON, THEN---TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

AS THE TWO THUGS SUDDENLY ATTACK...
LOOK OUT! BEHIND YOU, BOB!
DUCK, TIM!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO ASK QUESTIONS!
OOF!
AUDREY
OHH---BE CAREFUL!
JEAN---DON'T... YOU'LL GET HURT!
YOU BIG BULLIES... ATTACKING INNOCENT PEOPLE!
GIVE UP---OR VE KI'LL DER FRAULEIN!
KA-POW!
I GUESS--- LOOK OUT, BOB!
GOOT WORK, MEN---BRING DER LIDDLE BOY UND DER GIRL!
LET ME GO---LET ME GO!
VOT ABOUT DER ODDER VON, HERR BELZ?
DOT BLOW ON DER HEAD FINISHED DER SWINE! DON'T VORRY ABOUT HIM!


BUT THE THUGS RECKON WITHOUT THE SECRET POWER OF BOB BENTON!
OOH---MY HEAD! DRAT--- THEY'RE ESCAPING IN THAT CAR!
HE SLIPS INTO A DOORWAY, SHEDS HIS EVERYDAY CLOTHES AND STANDS REVEALED AS--- THE BLACK TERROR!
HERE I GO AGAIN!
GOT TO GET THEM BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO HARM TIM AND JEAN!
LOOK... LOOK! HERR BELZ--- DER BLACK TERROR IS CHASING US!
DER BLACK TERROR! HMM... NO MATTER... VE ARE AT DER AIRFIELD... TAKE CARE OF VUN OF DOSE PLANES!
I TAKE DER PRISONERS IN DER ODDER PLANE! MEET ME LATER! DER BLACK TERROR VILL FOLLOW ME!
HURRY, HERR BELZ--- HE ISS ALMOST HERE! I'LL FIX DIS VUN--- DOT VILL FINISH HIM!
ONE SIDE, STOOGE,--- I'LL NEED THIS PLANE TO CHASE YOUR BOSS!
WHOCK!
HELP! AIEE!
THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, SLUG! SORRY I CAN'T STAY TO WRAP YOU GUYS UP!


THE BLACK TERROR ZOOMS AFTER THE ESCAPING PLANE!
I'M CLOSING IN ON HIM!
SUDDENLY---THE PLANE MELTS IN MID-AIR!
JUMPIN' GEOFFREY! IT'S FALLING APART... JUST LIKE THE TANKS!
DOWN---DOWN-DOWN HE FALLS!
LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS! I'M GOING TO HIT THAT BRIDGE!
BUT THE BLACK TERROR TWISTS HIS POWERFUL BODY...
WHEE... JUST MISSED IT!
THANK GOODNESS--- SOMETHING TO BREAK MY FALL!
KER-SPLASH!
PUFF-PUFF--- THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! BUT AT LEAST I KNOW THAT NAZI IS BEHIND THE SABOTAGE... I WONDER HOW HE DOES IT?

STRANGE HOW THE METAL JUST CRUMBLES--- WAIT! HERE'S A PIECE THAT DIDN'T CRUMBLE!
IT---IT'S WEIRD! WHAT CAN BE CAUSING IT?
BUT, EVEN AS HE WATCHES, IT DISINTEGRATES!
THEN, AS HE SPLITS THE FRAGMENT--- THE ANSWER!
HOLY SMOKE--- TERMITES!
CRACK!
THE BLACK TERROR QUICKLY RETURNS TO THE DRUG STORE!
THIS IS A JOB FOR BOB BENTON, THE DRUGGIST!
BENTON DRUG STORE
THIS MICROSCOPE OUGHT TO ---AHH! THEY'RE TERMITES WHICH HAVE BEEN DRUGGED SO THEY'LL WORK ON METAL! PRETTY CLEVER!
THE DRUG MAKES THEM WORK AT PHENOMENAL SPEED, THEN SHRIVELS THEM UP SO THEY'RE UNRECOGNIZABLE AFTER THEY'VE DONE THEIR DIRTY WORK! LUCKY I FOUND THIS FRAGMENT! IF I ONLY HAD A CLUE TO THE HIDEOUT---!
MEANWHILE...
SO YOU'RE USING THE OLD MILL FOR A HIDEOUT!
JA! NO VUN VOULD LOOK FOR US HERE! THROW DEM IN DER STORAGE ROOM, HANS, VHILE VE MAKE OUR PLANS FOR PUTTING TERMITES IN DER CONVOY DOT LEAVES TONIGHT!

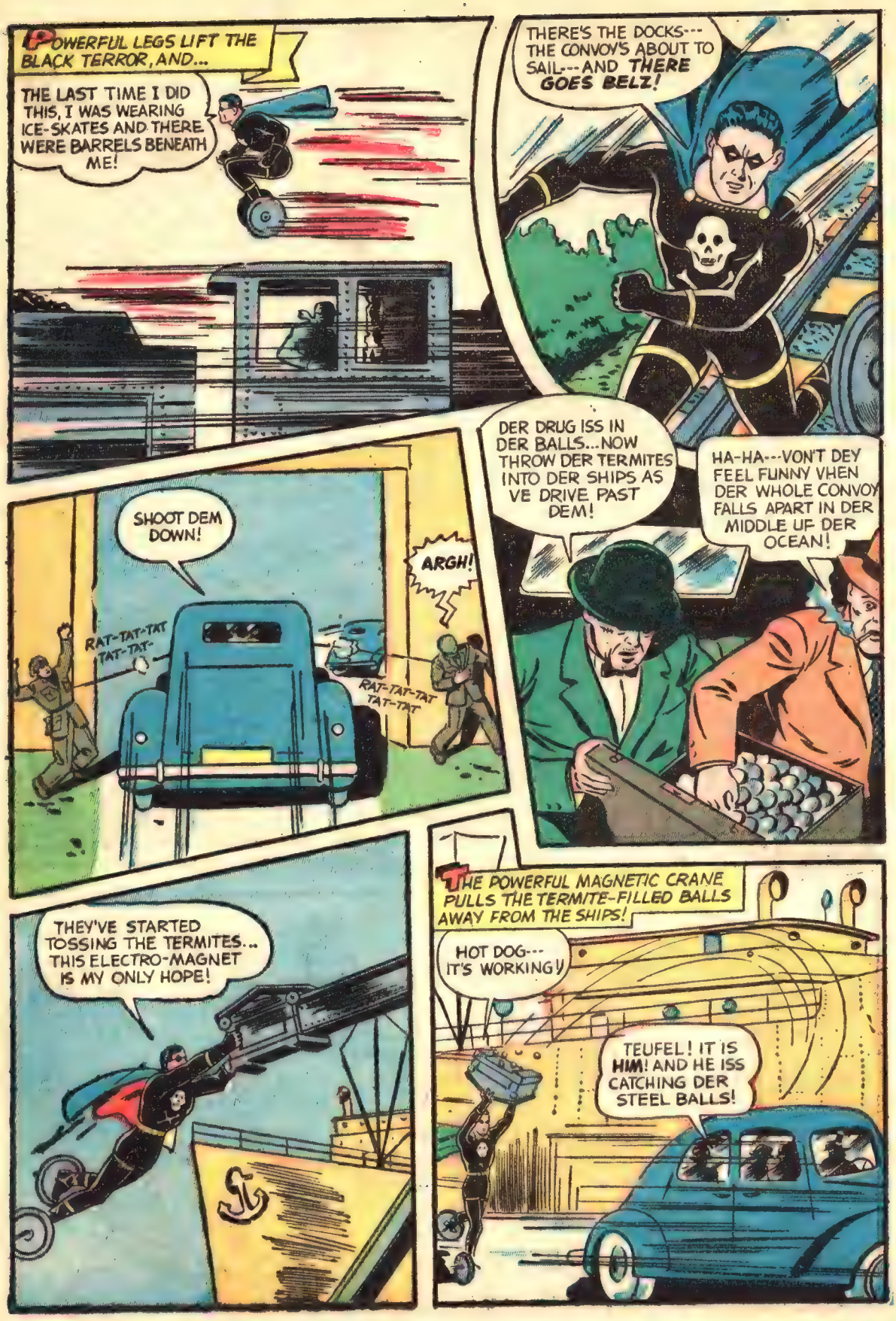

TIM---IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US AND DO SOMETHING HORRIBLE TO A BIG CONVOY!
WE'VE GOT TO GET WORD OUT, SOMEHOW-WAIT A MINUTE...THOSE BOTTLES!
I'LL BREAK ONE SO WE CAN CUT OURSELVES LOOSE!
SMASH!
WHAT NOW, TIM?
NOW I'LL WRITE A NOTE ON THIS PIECE OF TORN WALL PAPER!
SNAP!
WE PUT THE NOTE IN THIS OTHER BOTTLE, SEAL IT, AND TOSS IT OUT THE WINDOW!
WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?
I CAN HEAR A STREAM RUNNING OUTSIDE---AND THAT STREAM RUNS DOWN TO THE OL' SWIMMIN' HOLE WHERE MY PALS ARE PROBABLY SWIMMING RIGHT NOW!
PLUNK!
THE SWIFT STREAM CARRIES THE BOTTLE WITH IT---
LET'S GO HOME, FELLERS---LAST ONE OUT'S A SISSY!

THE BOYS START FOR HOME--- THEN, AT THE LAST MOMENT---
HEY, FELLERS, LOOK... A BOTTLE WITH A NOTE IN IT!
IT SAYS, "TELL BOB BENTON IN THE DRUG STORE THAT TIM AND JEAN ARE IN THE OLD MILL---, HURRY!"
YOU GO GET MR. BENTON, HARRY---WE'LL GO SEE WHAT'S COOKIN' AT THE OLD MILL!
MINUTES LATER...
RUN AND TELL THE POLICE, HARRY!
GREAT SCOTT! IF THOSE KIDS GO NEAR THE NAZIS' HIDEOUT THEY MAY BE KILLED! THE BLACK TERROR BETTER MOVE FAST!
AT THE OLD MILL---
SO! SCHNOOPERS, EH? SEIZE DEM, VE FIX DEM!
G-G-GOSH! HELP! HOLY GEE! LEMME GO!
SUDDENLY...
YOU HEARD WHAT THE BOY SAID, RATZI--- LET HIM GO!
VE KILL-- UGH!
POW!
SMASH!
THAT GOES FOR YOU LUGS, TOO!
YIPEEE! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!
WHAM!

ARE YOU KIDS OKAY?
IT'S THE BLACK TERROR...THANK HEAVEN YOU CAME!
CRACK!
GET THOSE KIDS OUTSIDE WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE... HURRY!
OKAY, TERROR--- LET'S GO, JEAN! C'MON, FELLAS!
TIM QUIETLY SLIPS AWAY FROM THE OTHERS...
I THINK THE TERROR COULD USE HIS SIDE-KICK NOW!
...AND THE YOUNG BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE PITCHES IN...
THAT TOAD STICKER DON'T BELONG IN BACKS!
WAK!
BOP- BOP- BOP- BOP- BOP-
D-D-D-D D-D-D-D D-DON'T S-STOP!
I OUGHT TO SLOW THOSE GUYS UP BY BURYING THEM IN THE GRAIN!
GRAIN RELEASE
SOK!
CLICK!
GET BACK... DOT GRAIN IS FALLINK --- BACK!
THE NAZIS JUST MANAGE TO MISS THE TONS OF GRAIN CASCADING DOWN...
OOPS! THE FLOOR CRACKED...!
AH---NOW ISS MY CHANCE!
SPLIT!

JIM SEES THE COWARDLY ATTACK AND DASHES TO THE RESCUE... BUT...
AGHH---!
LOOK OU--OOF!
KA-WHAM!
AS THE NAZIS PREPARE TO FLEE, A SIREN SHATTERS THE STILLNESS...
VE CAN GIF DEM DER SLIP--BRING DER TWO OF DEM! I TAKE DER TERMITES! QVICKLY!
OOOOOOO OOOOOO OOO!
HERR BELZ---DER COPS ISS COMING---!
THE POWERFUL SPY CARS PULL AWAY FROM THE PURSUING POLICE!
DOG-GONE! THOSE CARS MUST BE BULLET-PROOF! FASTER, JIM, THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
BANG! BANG!
BANG! BANG!
POLICE
NOW VE CAN GIF DER TERMITES FRESH BLOOD INSTEAD UF USING OUR PRE-SERVED SUPPLY!
BLOOD!? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
JA, MY DEAR TERROR! OUR TERMITES ARE IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION IN DESE STEEL BALLS---UNTIL VE GIFT DEM HUMAN BLOOD AND OUR SPECIAL DRUG! DEN YOU KNOW VOT HAPPENS! HAW---HAW!
STOP--DON'T TOUCH THAT BOY, BELZ, OR---
THE SIGHT OF HIS PAL ABOUT TO BE MURDERED SPURS THE BLACK TERROR TO HERCULEAN STRENGTH... AND...
HIMMEL! HE ISS LOOSE--- GET--OOF!
FREE...! TAKE THAT!
POW!

GOT TO GET TIM---AWAY---FROM THEM!
CR-R-ACK!
LET THEM GO---VE MUST GO UND PUT DER TERMITES IN DER HUGE CONVOY TO AFRICA! IT ISS ALREADY LATE!
GEE---THANKS, TERROR! MY THROAT STILL ITCHES!
OKAY, TIM! I'VE GOT TO GO NOW---YOU SAY THEY'RE AFTER THAT CONVOY TO AFRICA, EH?
THESE WHEELS SHOULD GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CATCH THOSE HIGH-POWERED CARS!
HERE GOES---SO LONG, TIM!
GOOD LUCK, TERROR! BE SURE YOU STOP THEM!
FASTER--FASTER--FASTER!
JEEPERS!--- A TRAIN COMING THIS WAY!


POWERFUL LEGS LIFT THE BLACK TERROR, AND...
THE LAST TIME I DID THIS, I WAS WEARING ICE-SKATES AND THERE WERE BARRELS BENEATH ME!
THERE'S THE DOCKS--- THE CONVOY'S ABOUT TO SAIL---AND THERE GOES BELZ!
DER DRUG ISS IN DER BALLS...NOW THROW DER TERMITES INTO DER SHIPS AS VE DRIVE PAST DEM!
HA-HA---VON'T DEY FEEL FUNNY VHEN DER WHOLE CONVOY FALLS APART IN DER MIDDLE UF DER OCEAN!
SHOOT DEM DOWN!
ARGH!
RAT-TAT-TAT TAT-TAT-
RAT-TAT-TAT TAT-TAT
THEY'VE STARTED TOSSING THE TERMITES... THIS ELECTRO-MAGNET IS MY ONLY HOPE!
THE POWERFUL MAGNETIC CRANE PULLS THE TERMITE-FILLED BALLS AWAY FROM THE SHIPS!
HOT DOG--- IT'S WORKING!
TEUFEL! IT IS HIM! AND HE ISS CATCHING DER STEEL BALLS!

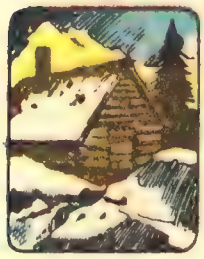
WITH THE TERMITE HOLDERS ALL SAFELY GATHERED IN, THE BLACK TERROR RETURNS THE ELECTRO-MAGNET!
THE SHIPS ARE SAFE---BUT BELZ AND HIS STOOGES AREN'T!
JUST A LITTLE SWING RHYTHM!
EEAHH! HELP!
THEY'RE ALL OUT COLD, AND YOU CAN JOIN 'EM! BUT WHERE'S BELZ?
I WILL NOT BE CAPTURED--- I ESCAPE YET!
POK!
AND NOW FOR THE GRAND SLAM!
KR-RRASH!
HE'S GETTING IN THAT COAST GUARD BOAT!
MEANWHILE THE TERMITES HAVE EATEN AWAY THE SUPPORT OF THE HUGE ELECTRO-MAGNET! IT PLUMMETS STRAIGHT FOR THE BLACK TERROR!
DARN THOSE TERMITES!

THE BLACK TERROR SNATCHES A TORPEDO!
LUCKY THIS DESTROYER WAS AROUND HERE!
I'LL JUST GET THIS STARTED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION---
SPLASH!
HIMMEL!
BA-ROOM!
THAT'S THE END OF BELZ!
LATER...AFTER THE BLACK TERROR HAS REVEALED THE PLANS OF THE NAZIS...
GREAT WORK TERROR... YOU SAVED TWO FULL DIVISIONS AND ALL THEIR EQUIPMENT!
THANKS---THIS IS ONE TIME THE SABOTEURS REALLY BORED FROM WITHIN!
BACK AT THE DRUG STORE, JEAN TELLS BOB THE WHOLE STORY!
THE BLACK TERROR'S A REAL MAN! AND YOU'RE CONTENT TO BE NOTHING BUT A SODA CLERK!
SOMEDAY I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS BLACK TERROR SOME COMPETITION...THEN WE'LL SEE!
THE BLISTERING FISTS OF AMERICA'S CHAMPION ENCOUNTERS SOME REAL COMPETITION IN NEXT MONTH'S PUNCH-PACKED BLACK TERROR ADVENTURE...

A Story of Alaska

REINDEER TRAIL

By CHUCK STANLEY



NINE-YEAR-OLD Olaf Knutson lived in the interior of Alaska. His father had been one of the reindeer herders brought from Norway to take a big reindeer herd into the Canadian barrens to provide food for the Eskimos and Indians.

Now Carl Knutson was a fur-trapper. One day, while the elder Knutson was away, Olaf was playing with his reindeer sleigh, riding up and down in the clearing before the trapper's cabin.

When Olaf heard someone coming, he thought it was one of the American soldiers stationed at Tanana. But when he looked toward the woods, he saw a great brute of a man coming toward him. The man held a rifle carelessly, and then more alertly as he spied the boy.

"You alone, kid?" he asked

"Yes," replied Olaf, not suspecting anything.

"Fine," answered the newcomer. "I'm interested in the furs your father has been collecting. I think I'll take charge of them for him."

Olaf backed up toward the shed where the furs were stored, but the thief brushed him aside, and Olaf was helpless while the man piled the furs high on the reindeer sleigh. The man hitched up the reindeer and drove away.

The Knutson cabin was on the top of a high knoll, and a narrow, winding path led from the cabin down into a valley that carried a stream emptying into the Yukon river. But Olaf and his father seldom used the trail. They much preferred to ski down the steep slopes.

As soon as the fur thief was out of sight, Olaf buckled on his skiis, took the poles in his firm grip, and started away toward the Army Camp at Tanana. On the trail he met his father, and told him what had

happened. They journeyed together to the Army post. There they sought out Sergeant Tracy of the Military Police, and Tracy said:

"From your description, it sounds like Big Lawton. We'd give anything to get him. But he'll be lost by now. We'd only waste our time going after him."

"I don't think so," Olaf insisted. "Come with me, and I'll lead you right to him."

The sergeant was skeptical, but ordered out a patrol of ski troops, and they headed into the interior. Olaf led the way to the steep trail leading from the Knutson cabin to the lowlands.

"I expect to find him caught in a snowslide down near the bottom of the trail," Olaf declared.

Suddenly Carl realized what his son was driving at! He was not surprised, later, to discover the broken sleigh, the furs scattered all over the snow, and the reindeer standing placidly, tangled in the leather straps that bound him to the sleigh.

A moaning Big Lawton, with badly broken legs, was half buried in a snow-bank.

Sergeant Tracy moved in on his prisoner, disarmed and manacled him. Then he turned to Olaf. "You were sure right in your hunch, but how did you know it would work out like this?"

"Well," laughed Olaf, "Big Lawton looked like a tenderfoot to me. When he started down hill with the reindeer and sleigh I knew I had him licked. You see, there are no shafts on a reindeer sleigh, so when the loaded sleigh is going downhill, it moves faster than the reindeer can run. Therefore it's bound to go off a narrow trail like this one."

"I get it," Sergeant Tracy replied. "But then how do you drive it downhill?"

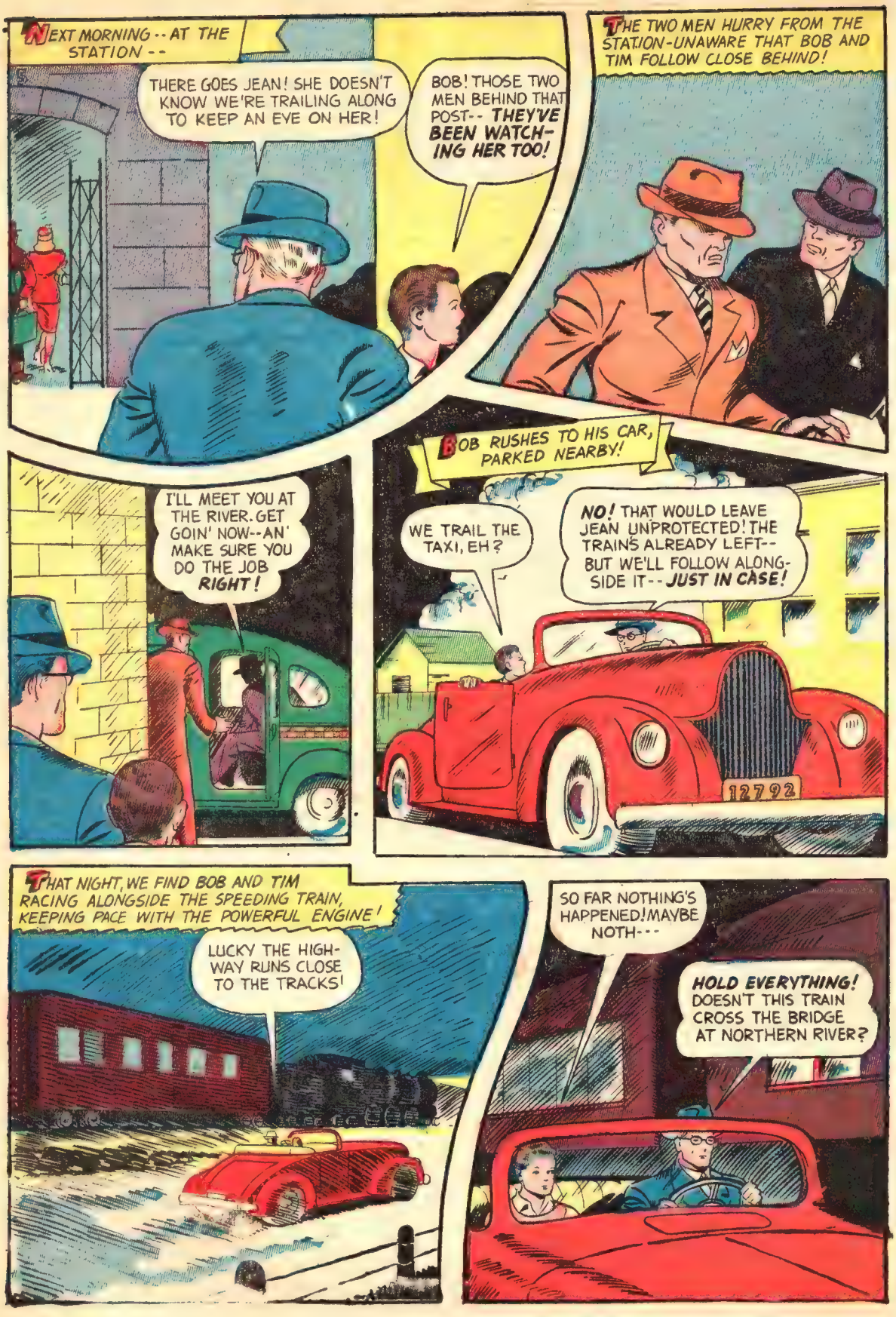
"It's easy when you know how," replied the lad. "You stop at the top of the slope, and hitch the reindeer to the back of the sleigh. Then the reindeer braces himself and acts as a brake. Every good reindeer driver ought to know that."

Carl Knutson nodded his head in agreement. It was plain that he was proud of his son, and Olaf was very happy.

Young Olaf Knutson Points the Way to a Fur Thief's Capture!

The
BLACK TERROR
TOTAL WAR GRIPS AMERICA--AND GRIM CHALLENGES TO LIBERTY REAR OMINOUSLY! BUT EVER ALERT IS THE MIGHTY BLACK TERROR--PITTING THE STRENGTH OF A GIANT AGAINST THE SCURRYING RATS OF THE AXIS! HERE'S A BLAZING TALE OF HOW BOB BENTON, A MEEK YOUNG DRUGGIST, ADOPTS THIS GREAT FIGHTING GUISE IN A PLOT SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE--WHERE MASKED DEATH ALMOST TURNS A NIGHT OF CARNIVAL INTO CARNAGE!

BOB AND TIM SPEND A QUIET AFTERNOON AT THE STORE---
BOY, WOULD I LIKE TO GO TO THAT INTER-AMERICAN CARNIVAL IN MEXICO! SAY-ISN'T THAT WHERE JEAN'S UNCLE IS PRESENTING THE HEMISPHERE DEFENSE PLANS?
THAT'S RIGHT, TIM--AND MIGHTY IMPORTANT PLANS THEY ARE! THE CARNIVAL'S BEING HELD IN CELEBRATION OF THE EVENT!
HI, BOYS! WAIT TILL YOU HEAR THE EXCITING NEWS!
JEAN! WHAT'S UP?
AS YOU KNOW, MY UNCLE'S BEEN WORKING ON THE SECRET INTER-HEMISPHERE DEFENSE PLANS! WELL, LAST NIGHT, AT DINNER....
....UNCLE SUDDENLY WAS STRICKEN IN SOME MYSTERIOUS WAY! THE DOCTOR COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHAT IT WAS...
OH-HH! I'M... SICK, JEAN... GET... DOCTOR!---
UNCLE! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
.....THE DOCTOR FORBADE UNCLE TO GO TO THE CARNIVAL! WHEN HE'D LEFT, UNCLE CALLED ME IN...
JEAN, DOC BROWN TELLS ME I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW DAYS, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE THE PLANS IN MY PLACE! SOMEONE IS AFTER THEM, AND THEY MUSTN'T GET INTO THE WRONG HANDS!
....AND SO I LEAVE TOMORROW FOR MEXICO AND THE CARNIVAL!
SURE IS A LUCKY BREAK, JEAN!
AFTER JEAN LEAVES---
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO TO A CARNIVAL, TIM?
YOU MEAN--- MEXICO? OH BOY, OH BOY!


NEXT MORNING -- AT THE STATION --
THERE GOES JEAN! SHE DOESN'T KNOW WE'RE TRAILING ALONG TO KEEP AN EYE ON HER!
BOB! THOSE TWO MEN BEHIND THAT POST-- THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING HER TOO!
THE TWO MEN HURRY FROM THE STATION-UNAWARE THAT BOB AND TIM FOLLOW CLOSE BEHIND!
I'LL MEET YOU AT THE RIVER. GET GOIN' NOW--AN' MAKE SURE YOU DO THE JOB RIGHT!
BOB RUSHES TO HIS CAR, PARKED NEARBY!
WE TRAIL THE TAXI, EH?
NO! THAT WOULD LEAVE JEAN UNPROTECTED! THE TRAIN'S ALREADY LEFT-- BUT WE'LL FOLLOW ALONGSIDE IT-- JUST IN CASE!
12792
THAT NIGHT, WE FIND BOB AND TIM RACING ALONGSIDE THE SPEEDING TRAIN, KEEPING PACE WITH THE POWERFUL ENGINE!
LUCKY THE HIGHWAY RUNS CLOSE TO THE TRACKS!
SO FAR NOTHING'S HAPPENED! MAYBE NOTH---
HOLD EVERYTHING! DOESN'T THIS TRAIN CROSS THE BRIDGE AT NORTHERN RIVER?

SO THAT'S WHAT THOSE TWO MEN AT THE STATION MEANT WHEN THEY SAID THEY'D MEET BY THE RIVER!
WE CAN REACH THE BRIDGE AHEAD OF THE TRAIN IF WE CUT CROSS-COUNTRY!
TIME TO GET INTO COSTUME, TIM! THERE'S ACTION AHEAD!
HEY! TAKE IT EASY! THIS IS NO JEEP!
BUMP!
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!
I HOPE I CAN KEEP MY HEAD!
CRASH!
AFTER A BREAKNECK RACE--
WE MADE IT-- IN TIME! GET READY FOR ANYTHING NOW!
FOUR FIGURES ON THE BRIDGE LOOK UP IN STARTLED SURPRISE!
LOOK! IT'S- IT'S-

RIGHT! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR, MUGS!
POW!
THIS IS FOR YOU!
BAM!
AND I HOPE THIS HURTS!
H-E-L-P!!!
CRACK!
DUCK, TIM!
I'LL FIX Y--- YEEEOOOW! I'M FALLING!
RIGHT OVER MY HEAD! HA-HA!
THAT ONE'S GETTING AWAY!
LET HIM! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THESE LOGS! AND WE'VE ONLY GOT SECONDS TO DO IT!
THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT, UNAWARE OF THE DANGER THAT LIES AHEAD, THE TRAIN ROARS TOWARD THE IMPERILLED BRIDGE!
FASTER, TIM! FASTER! HERE SHE COMES!
THE LOCOMOTIVE ALMOST UPON HIM, THE TERROR FLINGS ASIDE THE LAST GREAT LOG!
JUMP FOR THE SIDE, TIM! JUMP!

HURTLING DEATH MISSES--BY INCHES!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
I NEVER KNEW A TRAIN COULD LOOK SO BIG!
THEN--AS THE LAST CAR ROARS PAST--
COME ON, TIM! WE'LL GET A FREE RIDE TO MEXICO!
HERE I COME! MAKE ROOM!
I ALWAYS WANTED TO RIDE ON TOP OF A TRAIN INSTEAD OF IN ONE!
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS? ONE OF THOSE GUYS DROPPED IT DURING THE FIGHT...
IF FIRST PLAN FAILS-- MATADOR!
MATADOR MEANS BULLFIGHTER! BUT WHAT CAN THAT HAVE TO DO WITH THE HEMISPHERE DEFENSE PLANS?
KEEP LOW! I THINK WE'RE STOPPING!
AT A COUNTRY JUNCTION, THE TRAIN STOPS TO TAKE ON WATER! MEANWHILE, FROM THE SHADOWS---
WATCH OUT! NO NOISE! CLIMB UP ON THE ROOF!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!
TRAINS SURE ARE OVERCROWDED NOWADAYS!

A TRAINTOP ENCOUNTER!
MY, MY! MORE OF THE SAME GANG, I'LL WARRANT--MAKING A SECOND TRY!
WHAT THE---WHO ARE THESE FREAKS? SCRAM--WE GOT BUSINESS HERE!
I SAID BEAT IT!
UH-UH! MUSTN'T DO THAT!
'CAUSE YOU'RE MAKING ME MAD--AND I'LL DO THIS!
EEEEEAAAH!
WHAM!
THE REMAINING TWO CLOSE FOR THE KILL!
ALL RIGHT-- YOU TWO DRESSED-UP MONKEYS ASKED FOR IT!
NOW, NOW!
THE TRAIN ROARS INTO A TUNNEL! JUST IN TIME, THE TERROR AND TIM FLATTEN THEMSELVES!
HOLY SMOKE! DROP, TIM --FAST!
POW!
LOOK OUT!! A TUNN---- AAAAAAAGH!

THE REST OF THE TRIP PASSES WITHOUT INCIDENT! AS THE TRAIN CHUGS INTO THE LITTLE TOWN OF LAS ROSAS---
HERE WE ARE, TIM! THE TOWN SEEMS TO BE CELEBRATING ALREADY!
EL TORRO
SALUDOS AMIGOS! AHA; YOU HAVE COME FOR THE CARNIVAL TONIGHT, NO? YOU WEAR YOUR COSTUMES ALREADY! BUT DO NOT FORGET THE BEEG BULLFIGHT THEES AFTERNOON!
BULLFIGHT! THAT NOTE- COME ON, TIM!
AT THE ARENA--A SURPRISE ENCOUNTER!
GREAT SCOTT--THAT'S ONE OF THE BIRDS WHO GOT AWAY FROM US AT THE BRIDGE! I'M GOING AFTER HIM--
HE'S SEEN ME! HE'S HEADING DOWN UNDER THE STANDS!
IN THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE STADIUM--
HE MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE... HE WENT THIS WAY!
A TREACHEROUS BLOW DAZES THE TERROR!
SOCK!
AH-HH!
NOW WE'LL SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE! GET OUTSIDE!
MY HEAD... I'M DIZZY...

HE'S SHOVED ME OUT INTO THE ARENA AND LOCKED THE DOOR! THE PEOPLE MUST THINK I'M THE MATADOR-AND HERE COMES THE BULL!
AN OMINOUS KILLER BLASTS FORWARD!
I'VE GOT TO AVOID THOSE CHARGES OR ELSE--
A LIGHTNING DODGE--AND THE TERROR ELUDES THE LETHAL CHARGE!
BUT THEN, A SUDDEN SLIP!
OH-OH! I DID IT THIS TIME!
THE INFURIATED BULL WHEELS AND CHARGES! IN A SECOND HE IS ALMOST ON TOP OF THE TERROR!
ONLY ONE CHANCE LEFT!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

WITH A TREMENDOUS SURGE OF POWER--
DOWN, BRUISER!
WHACK!
HURRY UP! LET'S HAVE THAT SPEAR -- IT'S HIM OR ME!
CAREFUL, SEÑOR! HE IS THE FIERCEST BEAST IN ALL MEXICO!
ANOTHER DEADLY RUSH -- BUT A GREAT THROW WINS OUT!
NOW I KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE A MATADOR! THAT FINISHES YOU, BABY!
NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THIS CROWD REALIZES I'M NOT THE REAL BULL-FIGHTER! I'VE GOT TO LOOK OUT FOR JEAN!
THAT NIGHT, AT THE TOWN SQUARE, WHERE THE CARNIVAL IS IN FULL SWING! A GAY, FESTIVE CROWD FILLS THE AIR WITH LAUGHTER!
MAINTAINING A TENSE WATCH--
LOOK, TIM -- SOMEONE'S ASKING JEAN FOR A DANCE!
YEAH - AND HE'S DRESSED IN A MATADOR'S COSTUME! COME ON -- THAT TIES IN WITH THE NOTE!

WOULD THE SEÑORITA HONOR ME WEETH THEES DANCE?
WELL-I-I DON'T SEE WHY NOT!
WHAT THE---! TWO MORE MEN IN THAT SAME COSTUME ARE MOVING IN! LOOK LIKE THERE'S A GANG OF 'EM!
SHE HASN'T HANDED OVER THE DEFENSE PLANS YET! BET A MILLION THEY'RE GONNA TRY TO KIDNAP HER FOR THEM!
AS THEY PUSH THEIR WAY ACROSS THE CROWDED SQUARE--
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!
SEÑORITAS AND SEÑORES-- LA CONGA!
BRAVO!
WHEEEE!
QUICKLY, A LONG CONGA LINE IS FORMED AS THE PULSATING RHYTHM OF THE DANCE BEATS FORTH!
IT'S NO USE! WE CAN'T GET THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE!
WE'VE GOT TO-- BEFORE THOSE FIENDS GET IN THEIR DIRTY WORK! FOLLOW ME!
A GREAT LEAP--AND THE TERROR AND TIM SPRING OVER THE CONGA LINE!
LOOK OUT BELOW!

HELP! HELP!
I THOUGHT SO! BUT IF THEY THINK THEY'LL GET THAT CAR STARTED---
WHOA! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY-WHERE!
HE'S HOLDIN' THE CAR! WE CAN'T START!
TIM SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY!
URGLE!
IN THAT CASE-- WHY NOT COME OUT?
THE TERROR TWINS TEAM UP!
NO YOU DON'T, YOU PHONY BULLFIGHTER!
THANKS, PAL!
BIFF!
BAM!
TIME YOU BOYS LEARNED I PLAY FOR KEEPS!
OW-WWW!
SOCK!
TAKE CARE OF THE REST OF 'EM, TIM! I THINK THAT ONE GETTING AWAY'S THEIR LEADER!

HE'S HEADING FOR THAT HORSE! COME BACK . HERE, YOU!
A QUICK LEAP CARRIES THE FLEEING THUG INTO THE SADDLE!
NOW TRY AN' GET ME!
A HEADLONG TACKLE, AND---
OOF!
THIS OUGHT TO MAKE ME AN ALL AMERICAN!
SLAM!
STILL MAKING A RUN FOR IT, EH? WELL--IN THAT CASE--
THIS SHOULD HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE!
AH-HH!
POW!
WELL--I GUESS THAT'S THAT! HERE COMES JEAN --WITH THE POLICE!

THE REMAINING "MATADORS" HAVE BEEN CAPTURED!
AND TO THINK THAT THE BLACK TERROR'S SAVED ME AGAIN!
THESE ARE THE MEN WE HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR! THEY ARE PART OF AN AXIS RING WHEECH ESCAPED OUR ROUND-UP AT THE OUTBREAK OF WAR!
THE BLACK TERROR HAS DONE A GREAT--CARRAMBA! HE IS GONE!
COME ON, TIM, HOP ABOARD! MIGHT AS WELL HEAD FOR HOME NOW!
LATER THAT NIGHT, JEAN PRESENTS THE VITAL INTER-HEMISPHERE DEFENSE PLANS!
HERE THEY ARE, AMBASSADOR--IN SAFE HANDS AT LAST!
THANKS TO THE BLACK TERROR!
A FEW DAYS LATER, BACK IN THE GOOD OLD U.S.A.---
HI, BOYS! WAIT TILL I TELL YOU THE EXCITING STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED AT THE CARNIVAL!
HELLO, JEAN!
YES, JEAN --DO TELL US ABOUT IT!
FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK TERROR--AND BUY THOSE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

A Crime Story

GUILTY COLOR

By MICHAEL O'BRIEN

ALLAN MAYNARD was the only son of Peter Maynard, the famous artist. Peter Maynard had made his fortune painting landscapes and seascapes. Allan was trying to follow in his footsteps.

Lester Comstock knew all about that when he kidnaped Allan for ransom. As they rode along in Comstock's car, Allan was trying to think of some way in which he might outwit Comstock. But there was no way. Comstock was driving along at a normal speed, and slowed up for green as well as red lights.

It was dark now, and the electric signs were brightening up for their brief reign before the dimout. Comstock pointed out a number of the signs to Allan and said:

"I like those red ones particularly."

Then they were out of the city, and heading toward the deserted farmhouse where Comstock planned to hold Allan a prisoner until he could collect his ransom. The place was well back from the main road, and they had to get into it by a narrow footpath overgrown with brambles. Allan recognized the place. His father had once painted a picture of it.

Comstock wrote his ransom note, and then said:

"Now we ought to send your father something to prove you are here with me."

Allan shook his head slowly, then said:

"That's going to be hard. I was in bed when you grabbed me, and all I have on under this coat is my pajamas. But I have an idea."

"What's that?" Comstock asked suspiciously.

"I'll draw a picture. I have some crayons in my coat pocket. I always carry them with me."

Comstock couldn't see any harm in that. He watched while the lad took a piece of paper and drew a river scene. When it was finished, Comstock examined it and placed it in a briefcase with the ransom note.

Allan was tied up securely, and Comstock went out to deliver the note and pictures. The boy, tired as a result of his ordeal, fell asleep in spite of his bonds. When he woke up it was almost morning, and Lester Comstock was back in the house.

"If your father comes through with the money today, you'll be back home by evening," Comstock said.

"My father will come through," Allan said manfully.

Suddenly there was a crashing of glass, and then guns were shoved through two of the windows of the farm house. Peter Maynard was holding one of the guns, and policemen held the others.

Allan ran to his dad and they shook hands. The sergeant in charge of the police handcuffed Comstock, then said:

"Brother, you sure ought to have your eyes examined."

"Why?" the kidnaper asked.

"Oh, nothing much," laughed the officer, "but the kid told us right where he was in that picture he drew. You can see it traced out here in the green crayon that's supposed to be grass along the river. Right down here by this reddish brown mud."

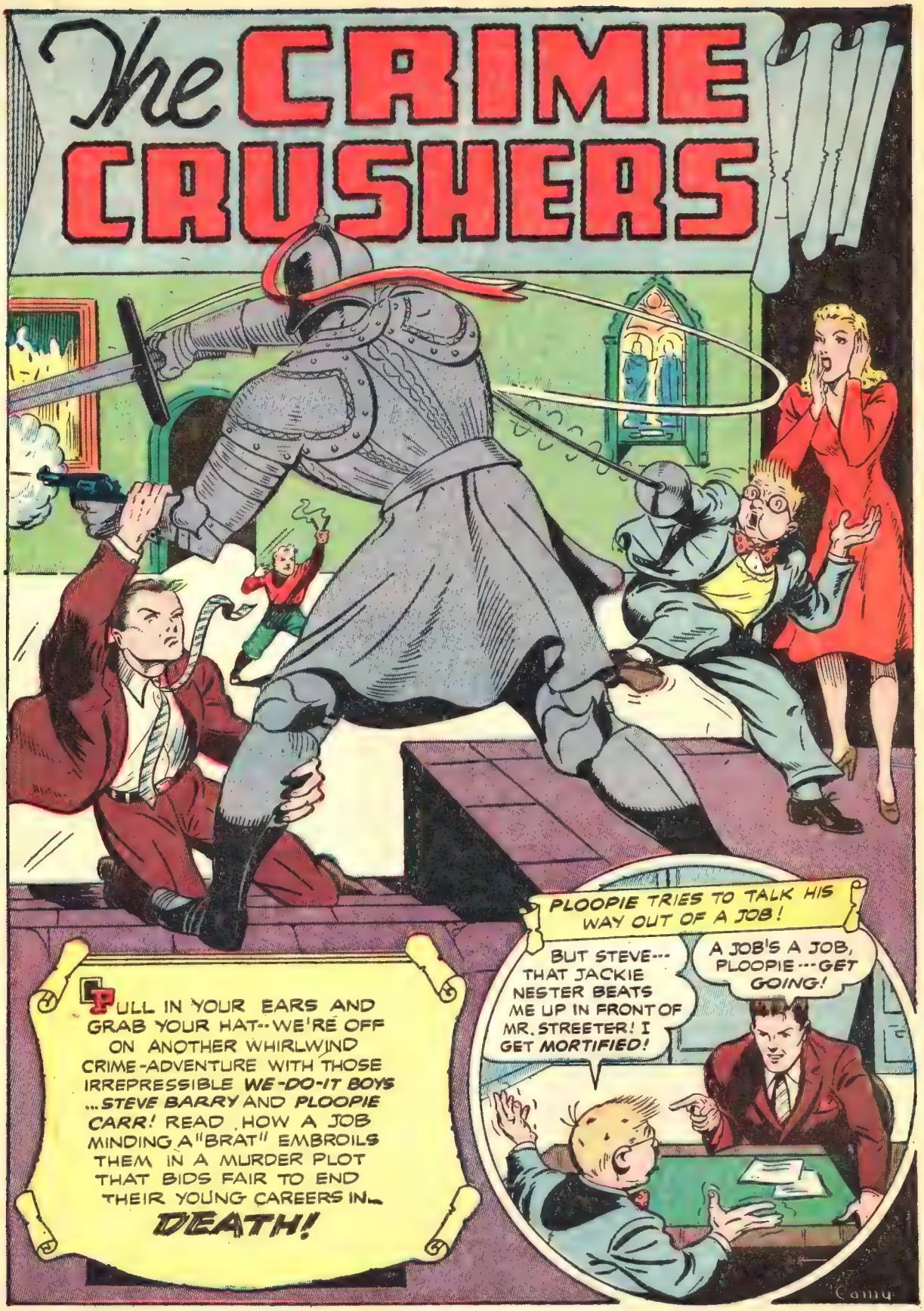
Comstock was puzzled, but Allan said:

"He can't tell the difference between red and green. He's color blind. I noticed that on the way out here when he slowed up for green lights, and then told me that the green signs were red. That's why I thought the message would fool him."

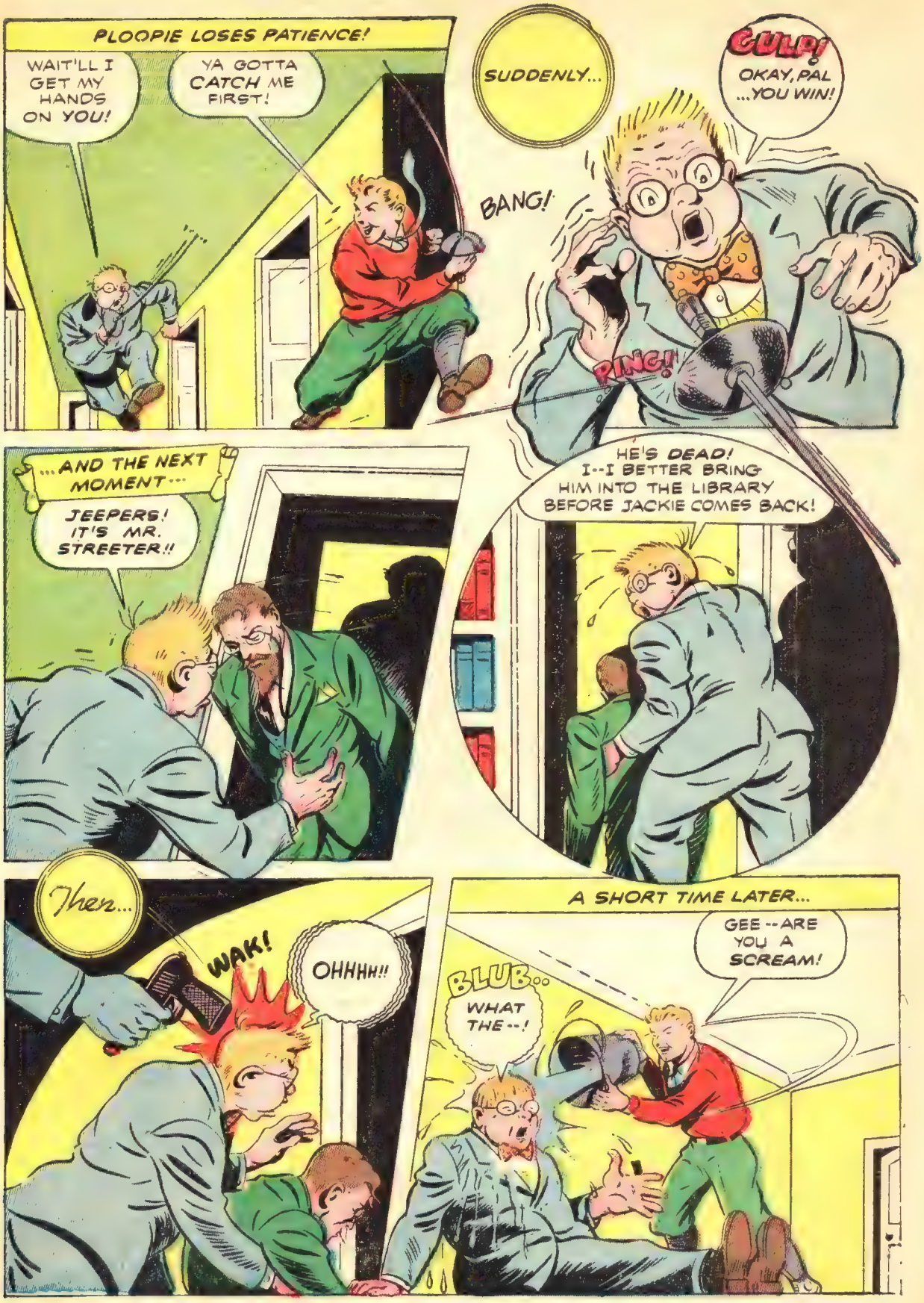
"It did, all right," his father said happily. "And it looks as though your first professional painting was worth exactly twenty thousand dollars to me!" That's the ransom he wanted for your return."

Allan was proud of his clever trick.

Held for Ransom, Allan Maynard Gets an Artful Idea!


The CRIME CRUSHERS
PULL IN YOUR EARS AND GRAB YOUR HAT--WE'RE OFF ON ANOTHER WHIRLWIND CRIME-ADVENTURE WITH THOSE IRREPRESSIBLE WE-DO-IT BOYS ...STEVE BARRY AND PLOOPIE CARR! READ HOW A JOB MINDING A "BRAT" EMBROILS THEM IN A MURDER PLOT THAT BIDS FAIR TO END THEIR YOUNG CAREERS IN... DEATH!
PLOOPIE TRIES TO TALK HIS WAY OUT OF A JOB!
BUT STEVE--- THAT JACKIE NESTER BEATS ME UP IN FRONT OF MR. STREETER! I GET MORTIFIED!
A JOB'S A JOB, PLOOPIE---GET GOING!
Camy

AT THE MANSION OF THE RICH YOUNG ORPHAN PLOOPIE IS HIRED TO "TUTOR"--
MR. CARR---THESE PEOPLE ARE HERE TO WITNESS AN IMPORTANT DECISION! THEY ARE JACKIE'S UNCLE, ANCIL--- MY BUSINESS PARTNER, GEORGE SANSOM---AND MY SECRETARY!
FOR SOME PECULIAR REASON---MY LATE BROTHER LEFT HIS SON'S FORTUNE IN STREETER'S CARE INSTEAD OF MINE!
THE BOY'S FATHER WAS SENIOR PARTNER OF OUR FIRM--STREETER AND I ARE CARRYING ON NOW THAT HE'S--GONE!
JACKIE IS TWELVE YEARS OLD TOMORROW--AND HE'S TO DECIDE WHETHER TO KEEP ME, OR GO UNDER ANCIL'S CARE! WE WANT YOU TO MAKE HIM PLAY HARD---DON'T GIVE HIM TIME TO WORRY!
ER--- YES, SIR!
OH, JACKIE! WHERE ARE Y---GLEEPS!!
EN GARDE!
UF!
OW! DOG-GONE IT...MY SHOE'S UNTIED!
VERY WELL--I'LL GIVE YOU AN OPPORTUNITY TO FIX IT!
THANKS, OLD MAN--
OW!
WAP!
HAW! HAW!!


PLOOPIE LOSES PATIENCE!
WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!
YA GOTTA CATCH ME FIRST!
SUDDENLY...
BANG!
RING!
GULP!
OKAY, PAL ...YOU WIN!
...AND THE NEXT MOMENT...
JEEPERS! IT'S MR. STREETER!!
HE'S DEAD! I--I BETTER BRING HIM INTO THE LIBRARY BEFORE JACKIE COMES BACK!
Then...
WAK!
OHHHH!!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
BLUB...
WHAT THE--!
GEE--ARE YOU A SCREAM!

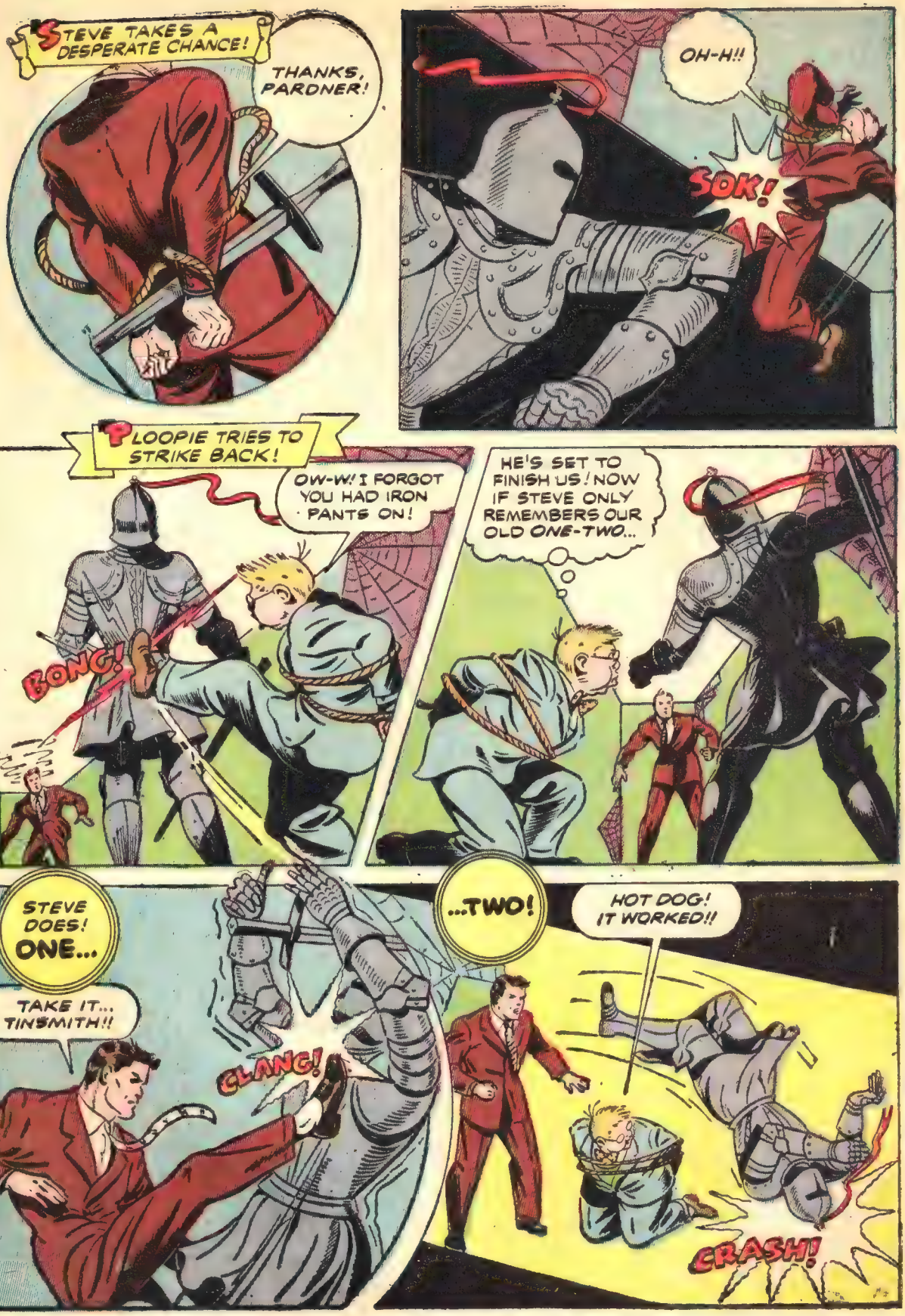
HAW! HAW!! YOU HIT YOUR HEAD SO HARD IT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT!
H-HEY--- WHERE'S STREETER?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?--I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL MORNING!
GONE!! B-B-BUT... OMIGOSH!
STEVE!! COME OVER HERE QUICK! AND BRING THE COPS--STREETER'S BEEN MURDERED AND I'M GOING OUT OF MY MIND!
YOU'RE A BAD INDIAN--AND I'M CAPTURING YOU!
WHAT THE--!
WHERE'S THE BODY?
AND WHERE'S PLOOPIE?
SHHH! HE'S MY PRISONER --IN THAT CLOSET!
THE OPENED CLOSET REVEALS...
G-GOOD GOSH! A CORPSE!
AND WHERE'S PLOOPIE?
AND IN THE ADJOINING CLOSET...
THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE!
GEE, IT WAS STUFFY IN THERE!
HEY... THERE'S STREETER!

ALL RIGHT, NOW··· WHO DONE IT?
DON'T LOOK AT ME! AIN'T I SUFFERED ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY?
NOBODY IS TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE— YOU TWO FELLOWS PICK OUT A ROOM TO STAY AROUND!
B-B-B-BUT I THINK THE MURDERER'S STILL HERE!
LET'S GET OUR ROOM READY··· IT'S GETTING LATE!
JEEPERS! LOOK!
HELP!
Z-Z-Z-ZING-GL
ZOWIE! BET THAT SUCTION-DART SCARED YA!
THE BOY HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR, EH? HA-HA!!
YEH! HEH-HEH! HE SURE HAS, MR. SANSOM!

BEDTIME DRAWS NEAR... AND...
LOOK, PLOOP-- JACKIE'S BACK!
AHA!
LISTEN, PAL---I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS--
JIMINY WHIZ! I KNEW WE--WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN STREETER'S ROOM!
PLUNK!
THAT'S A REAL KNIFE!!
TAKE THAT!
THE LIGHTS GO OFF!
IT'S THE REAL MURDERER, PLOOPIE! LOOK OUT!!
ATTABOY, STEVE!!
BOP!
SOK!
UGH!
NEVER MIND, STEVE... HE CAN'T HURT US!

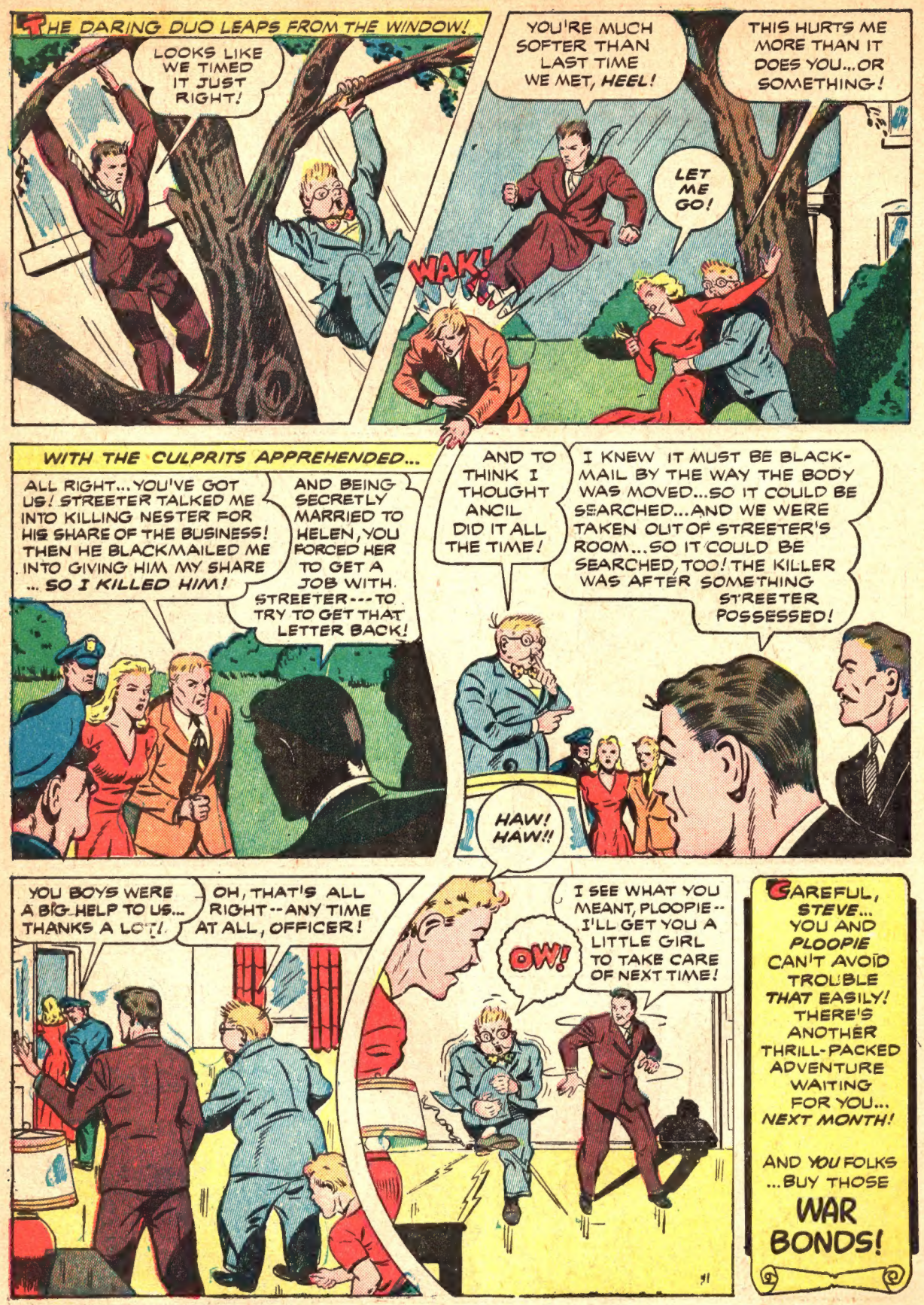
MOVE SOMETHING BESIDES YOUR MOUTH, WILL YOU, PLOOPIE?
HUH? OH... SURE!
IN THE DARKNESS, THE BOYS GRAB EACH OTHER--AS THE MURDERER ESCAPES!
I'LL TEACH YA, YA LUG!
THIS IS THE PAY-OFF, MISTER!
THERE!
UH!
BOP!
NOW WE'LL SEE WHO-- HOLY SMOKE!! PLOOPIE!
TWEET!
HELP! A MAN WITH A KNIFE...
AM I IN HEAVEN?
KNIFE... OF COURSE! NOW WE HAVE A CLUE!
Then...
WHAT A BREAK! THIS SHINY KNIFE BLADE HAS LOVELY, CLEAR FINGERPRINTS!
AND OUR COMMOTION HAS ATTRACTED THOSE TWO COPS! AT LAST... OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER!

SUDDENLY...
UGH!
SMACK!
OW!
A SHORT TIME LATER...THEY REVIVE!
OOOH... MY HEAD! WHERE ARE WE?
LOOKS LIKE A PASSAGEWAY... PROBABLY A SECRET PASSAGEWAY!
WHERE'S THE FELLOW WHO CONKED US?
LISTEN!
CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!
HE...HE'S GETTING CLOSER! I BET IT'S ANCIL NESTER...AND HE KILLED STREETER SO HE COULD HAVE JACKIE'S DOUGH!
I THINK THERE WAS ANOTHER REASON--- BLACKMAIL! BUT...
...WE CAN TALK LATER--- MAYBE!
BROTHER, HOW I HOPE SO!
THE VILLAIN STRIKES!
DUCK, PLOOPIE!
SWISH!


STEVE TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE!
THANKS, PARDNER!
OH-H!!
SOK!
PLOOPIE TRIES TO STRIKE BACK!
OW-W! I FORGOT YOU HAD IRON PANTS ON!
BONG!
HE'S SET TO FINISH US! NOW IF STEVE ONLY REMEMBERS OUR OLD ONE-TWO...
STEVE DOES! ONE...
TAKE IT... TINSMITH!!
CLANG!
...TWO!
HOT DOG! IT WORKED!!
CRASH!

BUT THE MYSTERY MAN HAS ANOTHER ACE!
RUN...HE'S GOT A GUN, TOO!
THE OTHER END OF THE PASSAGE... PLOOPIE LURCHES AGAINST THE WALL..
YOU'VE FOUND THE SECRET PANEL, PLOOPIE!
YEAH--AND NOTICE THE GENTLE WAY I OPEN IT!
CR-RACK!
WHY--IT'S HELEN...
W-WHA--?
...SOMETHING'S SLIGHTLY PHONEY HERE!
BANG!
SUDDENLY---
I'LL DOUSE THE LIGHT, PLOOPIE...GET UNDER COVER!!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
NOW WHAT'S UP?
HE JUST WALKED OFF AND LEFT HIS IRON SUIT!
BUT I THINK HE'LL BE BACK!

AND I THINK - HELEN'S PURSE WILL POINT HIM OUT!
PLEASE, STEVIE -- I ONLY FIRED BECAUSE AT FIRST I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE MURDERER -- CRASHING THROUGH THE WALL THAT WAY...
BUT STEVE PERSISTS!
YOU BRUTE... YOU'VE SPILLED EVERYTHING!
GOSH -- A WEDDING RING!
AND THIS LETTER -- HMMM! OFFICER, DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT DAY JACKIE'S FATHER DIED?
YEAH... IT WAS A STRANGE ACCIDENT HE HAD! IT WAS OCTOBER 30th --
THIS IS A REGISTERED LETTER FROM GEORGE SANSOM TO STREETER, DATED OCTOBER 29th! THE LETTER SAYS... "THIS IS MY COMPUTATION OF THE NEW DIVISION OF THE ASSETS!"
I DON'T GET IT!!
WAIT -- HERE'S THE PART THAT COUNTS! THE DAY BEFORE NESTER DIED, SANSOM WAS COMPUTING THE FIRM'S ASSETS DIVIDED TWO WAYS INSTEAD OF THREE!
THEN I'LL BET SANSOM MURDERED JACKIE'S FATHER!
AND STREETER USED THIS EVIDENCE TO BLACKMAIL SANSOM!
BEJABBERS! SANSOM AND THAT GIRL HAVE DISAPPEARED!
THERE THEY GO -- THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
THIS TREE IS RIGHT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, FLOOPIE!
OKAY, TARZAN... I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!


THE DARING DUO LEAPS FROM THE WINDOW!
LOOKS LIKE WE TIMED IT JUST RIGHT!
YOU'RE MUCH SOFTER THAN LAST TIME WE MET, HEEL!
THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU...OR SOMETHING!
LET ME GO!
WAK!
WITH THE CULPRITS APPREHENDED...
ALL RIGHT...YOU'VE GOT US! STREETER TALKED ME INTO KILLING NESTER FOR HIS SHARE OF THE BUSINESS! THEN HE BLACKMAILED ME INTO GIVING HIM MY SHARE ... SO I KILLED HIM!
AND BEING SECRETLY MARRIED TO HELEN, YOU FORCED HER TO GET A JOB WITH STREETER---TO TRY TO GET THAT LETTER BACK!
AND TO THINK I THOUGHT ANCIL DID IT ALL THE TIME!
I KNEW IT MUST BE BLACK-MAIL BY THE WAY THE BODY WAS MOVED...SO IT COULD BE SEARCHED...AND WE WERE TAKEN OUT OF STREETER'S ROOM...SO IT COULD BE SEARCHED, TOO! THE KILLER WAS AFTER SOMETHING STREETER POSSESSED!
HAW! HAW!!
YOU BOYS WERE A BIG HELP TO US... THANKS A LOT!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT--ANY TIME AT ALL, OFFICER!
OW!
I SEE WHAT YOU MEANT, PLOOPIE--I'LL GET YOU A LITTLE GIRL TO TAKE CARE OF NEXT TIME!
CAREFUL, STEVE... YOU AND PLOOPIE CAN'T AVOID TROUBLE THAT EASILY! THERE'S ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE WAITING FOR YOU... NEXT MONTH!
AND YOU FOLKS ...BUY THOSE WAR BONDS!

I Will Train You at Home For

Vital Jobs Now Open in RADIO

Many Jobs Now Open Pay $50 a Week

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The day you enroll for my Course I start sending you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that soon show how to earn EXTRA money fixing Radios. Many make $5, $10 a week EXTRA in spare time while still learning. I send you SIX big kits of real Radio parts. You LEARN Radio fundamentals from my Lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building typical circuits like those illustrated on this page—PROVE what you learn by interesting tests on the circuits you build.

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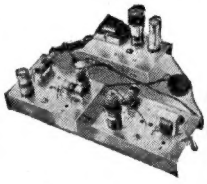
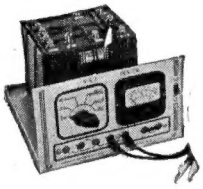
You have a real opportunity—if you act NOW! So take the first step at once. Get my FREE 64-page book. Just mail Coupon in an envelope or paste on penny postal!—**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept 3MQ7, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.**

You Build These and Other Radio Circuits With Kits I Supply

By the time you've conducted 60 sets of Experiments with Radio Parts I supply—have made hundreds of measurements and adjustments—you'll have had valuable PRACTICAL experience.

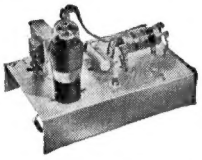


You build this SUPERHETERODYNE CIRCUIT containing a preselector, oscillator-mixer-first detector, i. f. stage, diode-detector-a. v. c. stage and audio stage. It will bring in local and distant stations. Get the thrill of learning at home evenings in spare time while you put the set through fascinating tests.



You build this MEASURING INSTRUMENT yourself early in the Course, useful, for practical Radio work on neighborhood Radios to pick up EXTRA spare time money. It is a vacuum tube multimeter, measures A. C., D. C. and R. F. volts, D. C. currents, **Resistance,** Receiver output.

Building this A. M. SIGNAL-GENERATOR will give you valuable experience. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experimental purposes.



Vital Jobs Like These Go to Men I Train

$200 a Month in Own Business—"For several years I have been in business for myself making around $200 a month. I have N.R.I. to thank for my start."—A. J. FROEHNER, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.

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Name..... Age.....

Address .....

City..... State.....

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If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 12-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New KRAK-A-JAP COMMANDO MACHINE GUN

Safe Harmless!

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it's painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

Boys! Be the First one in Your Neighborhood to own a "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free telescope arrive, just pay the postman $1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C. O. D. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

Send no money — To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

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Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for $1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

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Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope C. O. D. I will pay the postman $1.98 plus postage and C. O. D. charges.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of $3.79 (a saving of 17c).

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon